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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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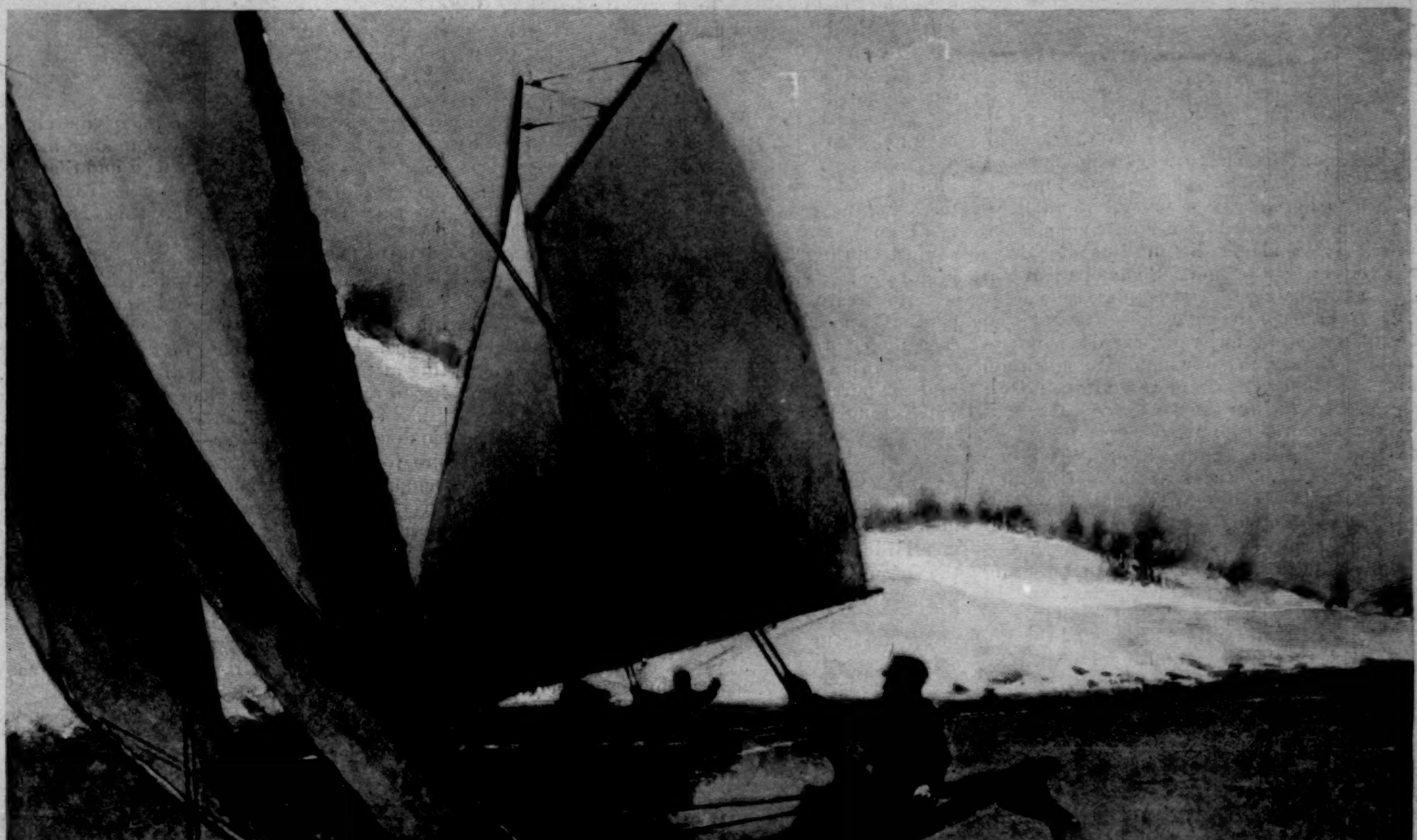

ICE-YACHTING—HARD-A-LEE!

DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, JANUARY 7, 1899

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The Treaty of Peace

THERE is likely to be no serious opposition to its ratification when the treaty of Paris comes before the Senate for consideration. There has always been, however, a sufficient number of Senators to defeat the treaty who, in one way or another, in public or in private, have expressed themselves as opposed to expansion. It is said now that most of these Senators will vote for ratification. Some of them will do so because it is alleged that the ratification of the treaty has been made the policy of the Republican party, but by what authority, or when, it is impossible to say. Surely no party national convention has declared such a policy, and we know of no one or nothing else that has the power to do so. It may be said that the common consent of Republicans is the sufficient authority, but there is nothing easier than such an assertion, and nothing less convincing. We are aware, however, that one method of forcing party agreement in favor of or against a policy is to do the thing desired, thus leaving to the party the choice between accepting the deed as its own or repudiating its leaders. In this way, probably, the acceptance of the Paris treaty is to become a leading feature of the Republican party's programme, and Republican Senators who vote for its ratification will be vindicated. Others will accept the situation and vote against their expressed opinions because they are convinced that public opinion demands such a vote.

But by far the most curious and inexplicable reason is given by Democrats who are still crying out against expansion. They are for ratification because they want the war to end, and because they say that the treaty does not bind the United States to keep the Philippines. This notion is cunningly encouraged by the leading expansionists. Senator FRYE, for example, who is a great deal of an expansionist, says, if he is correctly reported, that "the ratification of the treaty will leave us free to do as we please." He also is reported to have said: "The whole matter is in the hands of Congress. Congress can make any disposition of the islands it sees fit. Ratification of the treaty will not in any way curtail our privileges in this direction." He adds: "I believe we will retain the Philippines, and that the people of this country will not consent to their abandonment." And in this last opinion we agree with Mr. FRYE. We also believe that if the Philippines once become part of the territory of the United States, as they will by the ratification of this treaty, they will always remain so.

The expansionists are encouraging the belief that Congress may surrender the Philippines to the people of the islands or to some other power, notwithstanding the cession of them to this country by the terms of the treaty. We speak, of course, of the terms of the treaty as they have been published in the newspapers, the treaty itself not having yet been made public. The Democrats, believing that the country wants peace and that opposition to the treaty would be unpopular, are professing to intend to ratify the treaty, with the idea of undoing it hereafter, so far as the Philippines are concerned, by a subsequent declaration by Congress against expansion, and, we assume, by giving over the archipelago to some other government than our own, although no plan has yet been proposed except by Senator HOAR.

We have no sympathy with this programme, and we do not believe that it will serve any purpose but that of a campaign issue. That nothing practical will be accomplished by reason of it is as certain as anything human and political can be. It is also clearly the belief of the expansionists that the ratification of the treaty will end the whole historic episode so far as the mere acquisition of territory is concerned, and that henceforth Puerto Rico, the Philippines, and perhaps Cuba will form part of the United States. For our own part, we had hoped that the President would permit this treaty to be an issue in the next Presidential campaign, knowing that its ratification is not really necessary to peace, as we have heretofore abundantly shown, and that the changes in our system that are involved are so great that the people have the right to be heard upon them. This right being denied to the people, the only way to prevent the permanent acquisition of the Philippines is to fight and defeat the treaty. Fighting is always possible, though victory in this instance may be impossible. Of one thing we may be certain, that if the struggle is not made now, any struggle in the future will be useless, and a waste of time which ought to be devoted to devising good government for our colonial possessions. The intention to permit the treaty to be ratified without opposition is, in effect, a complete surrender, and the talk about parting with these islands afterwards is either the airiest of visions or else the windiest of demagogy. Mr. FRYE'S remark is doubtless true, that, the Philippines once acquired, "this country will not consent to their abandonment." It is impossible to understand a mind which hopes that the country will give up territory, in view of the undoubted effect which has been produced by the utterly absurd outcry against hauling down the flag where it has once been raised.

In the treaty, as it has been given us by the daily press, Spain cedes the Philippines to the United States. The treaty ratified, these islands belong to us, as Florida and the Louisiana territories belong to us by purchase, as Hawaii does and Puerto Rico will belong to us by cession. By the interpretation of the Supreme Court of an article of the Constitution which never contemplated this kind of territory, Congress will then assume jurisdiction, and in the course of time will establish governments for these new possessions. Whatever commercial interests may be opened or established in the Orient, it is certain that political interests will grow and flourish there, and those who are benefited by them, or who hope to be benefited, will never accept a mandate to surrender them. Besides, it is not likely that the mandate will be given, unless the burden of taxation by reason of our colonies becomes so heavy as to lead to a popular revolt—a cause that has not operated in this way in what we now call modern times. The people will soon regard the question of the Philippines as an abstract one out of which politicians will make issues, and in which the private citizen will have little concern. We do not expect to see any political victory won at the polls on Mr. BRYAN'S issue, although we are of the opinion that if the issue were at the polls before the islands were actually ours, the result would be different. The expansionists are right in anticipating a triumph with the ratification of their treaty. After that is accomplished, the annexation of the Philippines is *un fait accompli*, and the voters of the United States are not given to unthroning the established thing.

There are many ways in which time may be better spent than in speech-making and resolution-offering over the abstract or general question of expansion. As to these islands, we shall have a duty when they are really ours which we cannot have until then, no matter what the expansionists may have said to the contrary. We must provide a good and stable government for them. We must send to govern them the best administrative officers we can find, men such as General WOOD has shown himself to be at Santiago, and as General LUDLOW is likely to prove at Havana. We cannot send such men as our Presidents have been wont to appoint as Governors of Territories, nor can we every four years replace with new and untried men those who have gained experience and, what is of the utmost importance, the confidence of the natives. We must have a colonial service, and the colonial Governor must not only be a wise and judicious man, but he must not be hampered by Congress, or by politicians with a pull. He must have a wide discretion, something that harmonizes much better with arbitrary than with democratic power, because it is more essential to a power that governs than to a servant of a self-governing people. His subordinates must be trained members of an established service, and absolutely protected against the wiles and whims of politicians. These last must learn that they cannot extend their spoils system to the colonies, because, while we can stand the eccentricities of the heeler in office at home, subject races need something better, and foreign powers are likely to resent what we may tolerate. In a word, spoils politics in distant lands, and on what we may call touchy frontiers, simply add to the dangers of war which will be present for years to come in the part of the world in which we are expanding.

It is to tasks such as this that Congress should devote itself after the treaty shall be ratified, instead of to idle talk about surrendering what has become our own, for the tasks are pressing and practical, but the idea of surrender is a hopeless fantasy.

An American Career

THERE has never been a finer illustration of the scope of the opportunities offered by American institutions than the career of Senator MORRILL, for he was not a strong leader of men who won his way to the front by vigorous self-assertion, or through the forceful command of a happy occasion. He did not rise, therefore, to the greatest of heights. So far as we know, he was never considered as a possibly strong executive, but always as a thoughtful, studious, and safe counsellor, whose ways were those of peace and wisdom. What he gained was due to a pervasive recognition of his character, and especially of his prudence, among his fellow-citizens of his own neighborhood and State.

He began life, like many another American who has been duly appreciated by his countrymen, a poor boy. He did not enjoy the advantages of even the best education which the schools and colleges of Vermont could give him, but after a short course of study in the common school he went into business as a country merchant. As such he prospered, and was able to retire from money-getting at the age of thirty-eight. That he was willing to retire then is evidence not only of his sound sense and sterling character, but of the possession of something better—of an unconquerable desire for self-improvement and for intellectual development. His home was where he was born, in an intelligent American community, where his virtues were early recognized and continued to be valued to the last day of his life. He was stimulated by the intensely active intellectual life about him, and was inspired by the earnest moral sentiments of his neighbors, sentiments which found full expression in antislavery times and in the great civil war. For forty-five years nearly he was a member of Congress. Six times in succession his State elected him to be one of its Senators, not because he was a great orator—he was never that—but because he was a patient, laborious, and wise legislator, whose long experience at Washington made him often of inestimable value to the country and to his commonwealth.

At every step of his career his mind accepted readily all the accessions of knowledge and culture which his opportunities offered to him. He was a gentleman by nature and instincts, and he became one of the most refined members of Washington society, possessing a culture that was remarkable when the educational limitations of his youth are considered.

It may be that men like him are produced in other countries and under different institutions than our own, but Senator MORRILL'S career is not so exceptional in America as to excite surprise and wonder. It not only suggests the altitudes which may be reached here in public career through merit alone, but the polish and graces that may be taken on in the intellectual atmosphere of a free country, where education to some extent is a native inheritance and right, and where intellectual attainments are highly esteemed and encouraged. The free school and free institutions made the community in which Mr. MORRILL was born actively intellectual, one that was willing to reward mental superiority even when it did not approach to genius. In other countries men of the people have risen to great heights in science, art, and literature, and have adorned the polite societies of the capitals of the Old World, but when the son of the European peasant becomes, as he sometimes does in these modern democratic times, a leading man of affairs, his manners and accomplishments are not likely to keep pace with his advancement. The giant of the field of arms or of the legislative halls often remains the peasant in the drawing-room and the library. Mr. MORRILL was at home everywhere, a simple democratic American gentleman, who outside of the schools had trained his mind and his tastes, had even cultivated a certain style in literary composition, and all this he did not only because his mind was capable of the cultivation, not merely because he was disposed towards arts and letters, but because the political and social institutions under which he was born and reared stimulated his desires and ambitions and presented him with opportunity.

THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

IT has been computed that the pecuniary accumulations of Mr. John Rockefeller already exceed three hundred million dollars, and that the pile of them is rolling up so fast as to make it seem possible that their owner may live to be the first American billionaire. A billion dollars is a good deal of money, and if Mr. Rockefeller gets together half as much as that he will be doing well enough. How thankful we his fellow-citizens ought to be that he continues to consent to handle all this dross! He might get quit of part of it if he chose, for he is a man of resources, but his strength seems still equal to his day, and he goes on planning for the profitable investment of the masses of capital which keep rolling in on him. We are used to think of wealth as "easy circumstances," but Mr. Rockefeller must long ago have got far beyond that stage of affluence. His circumstances can't be easy, and probably if his health and energy are holding out well he has no desire that they should be so. A man of his resources can, of course, command the labor of armies of his fellows, but the thing works both ways. The employer has to work too, and work hard, to find outlets for his surplus. It would be interesting to know what Mr. Rockefeller's millions and the fortunes allied with his have done towards developing our country and spreading the comforts of civilization. For one recent thing, the rapid improvement of surface transportation in New York is attributed to the abundant capital which the Standard Oil Crœsi were able to furnish to the altruists of the Metropolitan Railway. Most people still think of millionaires as folks with abundance of money to spend for their pleasures. That view of them is out of date now. When a man has three hundred millions the fraction of his income that he can spend for his personal entertainment is unimportant. His important function is to direct the distribution of capital. What these great millionaires spend or for what they spend it is of less vital consequence than what they invest in.

MANY newspapers have lately quoted from the London *Times* its narrative of the life of James Tyson, the richest man in Australia, who lately died and left a fortune of £5,000,000. That is not very much for an American, but in Australia it is considered to be positive affluence. Tyson was an Australian by birth, who began life in poverty, and made all his money in buying and selling cattle and sheep. In that he began and in that he ended, devoting himself to it to the absolute exclusion of all other concerns and interests. He knew nothing about spending money, and was as indifferent to the luxuries of life as our own Russell Sage. He wore cheap ready-made clothes, lived frugally, avoided society, and remained unmarried. But according to his lights he had fun. His fun was the cattle business, and what he called "fighting the desert." His money did not seem to interest him. Once he said, "The money is nothing; it is the little game that was the fun." And being asked what the little game was, he answered:

> "Fighting the desert. That has been my work. I have been fighting the desert all my life, and I have won! I have put water where was no water, and beef where was no beef. I have put fences where there were no fences, and roads where there were no roads. Nothing can undo what I have done, and millions will be happier for it after I am long dead and forgotten."

Tyson seems to have been the modern millionaire reduced to his simplest terms. The chief end of millionaires, after they get the few millions which they require to make them comfortable, is to bestow their surplus in such a manner that it will grow. It seems hard to do that successfully without incidentally promoting the comfort and well-being of one's fellows. The "little game" is a good game; so good, indeed, that the players are always in some danger of getting over-interested in it and forming too many of the combinations called "trusts." It may be necessary presently to put a limit to it. How would it do to proclaim that when a man has played it till he has won five hundred millions he shall keep five per cent. of his winnings, and the rest shall be put back into the general pool and the cards reshuffled?

ANOTHER British subject whose death has called out many interesting stories was Sir William Jenner, the leading medical man of his day, and for more than thirty years the Queen's physician. He was greatly honored, was made a baronet, K.C.B., and G.C.B., and is said to have been the only physician to whom this last adornment was ever conceded. He must have got rich too, since for many years his professional income was between $60,000 and $70,000 a year; but he seems to have been somewhat like Tyson the Australian in being interested in his work to the exclusion of other things. It is told of him that, amusements being under discussion once in his presence, he said, "*My* amusement is pathological anatomy." He seems to have worked all the time, except when he was eating or was asleep. He received patients at his house from nine in the morning until a quarter of two, allowing fifteen minutes or less to each. About two o'clock, after a light lunch, he started out in his carriage on his round of visits, and sometimes staid out until ten o'clock. He was a great tea-drinker, ate a good deal, drank very little alcohol, did not smoke, and was remarkable for his power of sleeping. He lasted well, for he lived to be eighty-three years old, though he had to give up practice some years before his death. His only recreation in the years in which he was busiest was reading shilling novels on his railway journeys. He was a great doctor among doctors, and was held to be the best teacher of medicine of his day. One pleasant story about him is that he refused to raise his fee from two guineas to three, as many of his brethren had done, on the ground that it would keep away some people who needed his advice. Any loss, however, that he may have sustained from this forbearance was made up to him by the huge fees that he received when he went out of town for consultation.

THE exhibition now going on in the American Art Galleries of pictures from the Powers Gallery in Rochester, marks the breaking up of a collection which for many years was a source of daily entertainment to its owner, and the occasion of a wide range of emotions in the breasts of thousands of observers. The gallery in Rochester filled the upper stories of the Powers celebrated commercial building, and was open to visitors on payment of a fee of twenty-five cents. There were some thousands of pictures in it, including many that were good, and very many more that were not. The pictures that are now to be sold include about 250 of the masterpieces of the collection. There are admirable paintings among them, and the average of the lot must be high. No doubt they will make an interesting sale.

FROM time to time the newspapers continue to impute far-reaching and important commercial purposes to Mr. Joseph Leiter. The Chicago *Record* lately announced that he is the moving spirit in a milk trust, which is to have a capital of ten millions, and is now negotiating with railroads for low rates of transportation. The trust's intentions are thus concisely stated:

> After milk has been sold for low prices until every rival has closed his shop and sold his wagons, the trust expects to regulate the price of milk on the price of butter. It will then retail for five or six cents, as the Elgin butter market may be up or down.

This is cheerful news for rivals, some of whom, however, will doubtless be let into the trust. Chicago is not likely to suffer, as the patent on cows expired long ago, and one big concern with a good system would probably give the city better average milk than it gets at present.

Another enterprise in which Mr. Leiter is reported to be active is the introduction at home and abroad of an American patent for the application of compressed air as a motor for vehicles.

THERE is no time of life at which a good sentimental story is not welcome, but there are times and seasons when such stories take particularly strong hold. There is William Black's *Princess of Thule*. Persons who had reached an age of appreciation when that story came out, and who read it when it was new, have never ceased to have a tenderness for it, and to hold its author in affectionate regard. It was clear gain, that story, a consoling book, full of affection, fresh air, landscapes, Gaelic, and Scotch whiskey, with no more pain in it than was indispensable to the development of its consolations. Do all kindly and deserving young persons read the *Princess of Thule* as they attain to a proper age? They ought to. Twenty years ago there were few pleasures more innocent and satisfying, and the book must be as good as ever, for peat smoke has an enduring flavor, sunsets fade, but not in print, and love is still popular even in this age of vastly increased opportunities, when you can ride twenty miles in a trolley-car for five cents.

At a pinch, and in deference to his notions of literary obligation, Black could write tragic stories that ended in grief, but his heart went out to the cheerful side of life, and to the best of his ability he lived in the sunshine. In a letter written a year or two ago there is an amusing and characteristic passage in which he denounces with humorous violence a discourse of Mr. Henry James upon George du Maurier, published in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, as being too grave a picture, and "utterly unlike our dear, good old frolicsome du Maurier." "Good gracious," he cried, "du Maurier was a humorist!" He loved him best for the fun there was in him and for the pleasure he gave the world. Black himself is loved for analogous reasons—not exactly as a humorist, but as a story-teller who saw pleasant sights, knew good people, and wrote books that make readers happy.

THE recent testing of the 8-inch Gatling rifle at Sandy Hook was of especial interest because this gun is a solid casting, and not, like guns of recent construction, either a built-up or a wire-bound weapon. An article in the WEEKLY for May 7, 1898, told all about the making of this new gun, which has, so far, stood all the tests which have been given it. It is being watched with close attention by British ordnance experts, whom Dr. Gatling and Hiram Maxim have taught to anticipate important results from the experiments of American inventors in gun-making.

NEWS from France of the increasing popularity of kerosene as a beverage suggests the possibility of agitating differences between the Standard Oil Company and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The new habit has made more progress in Paris than elsewhere, and is under observation there by the guardians of the public health. The *pétroliques* seem to begin their evil courses not because they are out of humor with alcohol, but because kerosene is the only stimulant they can get. It produces an intoxication which, though a low-spirited affair, has its attractions for the experimenters. How unwholesome kerosene is in its effects, and whether it is worse than alcohol, has not yet been fully determined. Meanwhile alcohol is in no present danger of being crowded out of France. The number of wine-shops has increased twenty-five per cent. in twenty-four years, and in the larger cities the consumption of wine varies from forty to sixty gallons a head, besides more or less spirits and beer. Thirst like that must either be restrained or sated by home products. There is no prospect that any considerable part of it will ever be allayed by kerosene.

A REPORT comes from Keokuk, Iowa, of the successful use of crude petroleum on country roads. It is asserted that the petroleum makes a dirt road water-proof, so that it will stay dry and hard in wet weather. One barrel of it, worth ninety cents at the place of production, is said to be enough to treat one hundred feet of road twelve feet wide. At that rate, roads could be improved at a cost of about fifty dollars a mile. How long the effects of the treatment last does not appear, but the experiment is easily made wherever crude petroleum is obtainable. Of course it may all be just a device of the Standard Oil people to induce folks to buy petroleum and put it back into the ground, where the Standard can find it and pump it out again. But that seems unlikely, for the plan was commended to the Good Roads Association of Missouri by Major M. Meigs, of Keokuk, and "M. Meigs" is *nomen clarum* among engineers.

NOTHING that Lieutenant Hobson did or did not do in his journey across the continent at all affected the fervor of his welcome in San Francisco. There was a public reception for him there on the morning of the 24th, and he made a speech. In the afternoon, when he went to the dock to board the steamer *Gaelic*, a huge crowd accompanied him. He had to make more speeches, and finally started for Hong-kong to the noise of all the steam-whistles in the harbor.

On the whole, the episode of Hobson, who sunk the *Merrimac* in Santiago Harbor, recalls in some particulars the episode of Bryan, who told of the cross of gold at the convention at Chicago. In each case the exploit made its author known to the whole American people, and when seventy millions of people make a new acquaintance suddenly and unexpectedly, it takes a good while for the uproar to die out.

The New York *Herald* reports Hobson to have said in public, in San Francisco, before he sailed:

> "I have suffered deeply through printed reports of my actions. These reports are untrue. It is a fact that I have kissed some of my relatives in public, and also children, but I cannot express too strongly my disgust at the exaggerated accounts of my actions."

NO doubt the roads were bad in Flanders, and that was a chief reason why the armies there swore so terribly. One cannot look at Mr. Walker's spirited drawing, in this week's WEEKLY of an incident in the Puerto Rico campaign without longing to know what Major Rodney's men are saying. Perhaps, though, it is as well that we cannot hear. There is a more or less general impression that the Puerto Rico campaign was all picnic; that all the marching was done over a fine military road built by the Spanish; that every one had coffee and boiled eggs for breakfast, and other meals *à la carte*, and that everything went off well. Everything did go off well, but not without timely pushing. Mr. Walker has made it clear that this march of Major Rodney's had very little of the picnic element about it. Whether twenty-four miles a day is a big march for artillery or not depends, of course, on the roads. In this case it was undoubtedly big.

THE Waring Fund, on December 28, had reached $94,823, so that its completion is near at hand. Republics may be ungrateful, but this fund will attest that cities are not incapable of appreciation.

WAKE ISLAND, so called, no doubt, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, because it is a sleepy place, promises to be Uncle Sam's next territorial acquisition. Information about it is scarce, and as much may be said of the island itself. What there is of it lies north of the Marshall Islands, between Hawaii and Guam, and word has been sent to Captain Taussig of the gunboat *Bennington*, now or lately at Honolulu, to stop on his way to Guam and annex it. It is 2300 miles from Honolulu and 1200 from Guam, its nearest neighbors being the Marshall Islands, which are British. If Captain Taussig can find the island, he can probably annex it by merely nailing up a sign to say it is ours, and that no trespassers are allowed, for, so far as is known, no one lives there at present, or claims to own it. It is reported to be three miles long and eight feet high, and is of coral formation. We are taking it because we think it will make a convenient station for the cable which we may want to lay presently between this continent and the Philippines. It will make one of the queerest places to live in in the world, as remote as any place can well be in these days, and yet in hourly communication with the civilized world. Guam is far away and somewhat drowsy, but Guam has eight or ten thousand inhabitants, and is a metropolis compared to Wake.

It must be ever so interesting to be a cabinet officer nowadays, and go to sleep with an atlas under your pillow, and wake up with an idea for annexing a new island. It has all the excitement of piracy without goriness, scurvy, wounds, or bad food.

DR. SVEN HEDIN.

*Asia High and Dry**

WE are familiar with Asia from the water side, both south and east. On the north the Russians are making lower Siberia not only traversable, but habitable. Yet right in the centre of the largest continent on the globe is a vast area marked on the map as a great white spot. This shows that it is suffering from anæmia; that the rich red blood of commerce is not flowing as it ought, to enrich the veins and arteries of social existence.

Yet here is a region rich, in parts at least, in game to tempt the rifleman, unmapped regions to delight the geographer, mountains peerless in height to dare the Alpine climber, and ruins of Buddhist civilization and relics of Greek art to fascinate the archæologist.

Here was once a whole rosary of thriving cities. Along this path Marco Polo travelled. This is the region of the geyser springs of humanity, whence have arisen those great hordes which have rushed in devastating or fertilizing floods upon China and Europe. With so much, then, to tempt the men of peace who yearn either for fresh worlds or for goodly slices of this old one to conquer, the wonder is that so many stay away. The very thought of penetrating into these cradle lands of mystery and of beginnings must mean temptation to a daring soul.

THE FIRST TWO CAMELS ABANDONED IN A DYING STATE.
SKETCH BY THE AUTHOR.

Mr. Sven Hedin, whose photograph shows a well-built Swede somewhere about the region of forty, and probably on its sunny side, is a traveller unusually well equipped for his work. Besides years of study of Asiatic problems, and the perusal of the works of his pioneers and predecessors, he made journeys to Persia and Central Asia in the middle of the last and early in the present decade. During this time he learned the peculiarities of Asiatic human nature, and mastered two of the most important languages. His success emboldened him to seek royal and private aid for the purpose of exploring northern Tibet and Mongolia. He proposed to study their geology and archæology, and to learn all about the mountains and rivers, but especially the human beings, of that region. Despite many hardships and adventures, and once just grazing death by thirst, he was successful. After four years of travel he was able, on March 2, 1897, to ride in at the gate of Peking, and make his last entry on the five hundred and fifty-second sheet of his surveying journal.

In reading his fascinating story (which he has left unencumbered from many technical details, reserving these for a future volume) we have, besides nearly three hundred illustrations from sketches and photographs, two very clear maps, which shows us how thorough he accomplished his geographical work, and such maps are eloquent. His book is a feast for the general public. It is the fascinating narrative of a man who in good health enjoyed everything he saw, who had a keen eye for both the sublime in nature and the ridiculous in men, dogs, camels, yaks, and other animals that furnish assistance or sustenance.

Hedin's route was across Russia to Orenburg, and thence over the Kirghiz Steppes from Lake Arel to Tashkeng, and thence to Margelan. By this time he was near that fortieth parallel of latitude which we may think of as the great highway of the Mongols when they rushed into Europe. Then began his winter journey over the Pamirs. Here, it will be remembered, Russian officers to their joy, and British military men to their exasperation, were long engaged "rectifying" frontiers or trying to create "scientific" ones. They carried on a work which in winter cannot accurately be called luxurious, and makes a Londoner long for the comforts of his club and the "social life of the British army." Up the world's vastest slopes, through passes that reveal the glory of scenery unsurpassed, along the glacier-lined valleys, and over many a hut or lake, the author reached Fort Pamir, and was handsomely treated by the Russian officers. Cold as it is in those regions, this spot once threatened to be a boiling-point in politics, until Lord Salisbury accepted the results of the Russian and British surveys.

As if not high enough on "the roof of the world," the author moved eastward and spent many months around the western basis of Mus-Tagh-Ata, or Father of the Ice Mountains, one of the loftiest peaks in the world, and the culminating point of a meridional chain. It towers to the height of 25,000 feet, like a mighty bastion, overlooking the barren wastes of Central Asia. Clad in white robes of snowy purity, and sheathed in breastplates of ice, its silvery sheen flashes like the gleam of a lighthouse to a vast distance across the desert ocean. Distant nations may bless this ice-father, for he keeps a colossal cold-storage establishment, down whose sides and in whose deep gorges are glaciers that feed rivers and oceans. After three attempts Hedin succeeded in reaching the top. Exultingly he devotes a chapter to the moonlight.

DR. HEDIN CARRYING WATER IN HIS BOOTS.
PART OF A DRAWING BY THE AUTHOR.

One secret of Hedin's astonishing success is that after each severe campaign he rested and recuperated. He dwelt a while, after his great climb, among the Kirghiz people. These folks follow the advice of the Japanese proverb, "Live under your own hat." Not only do they wear head-gear of imposing size, but their tents are made of hat material, or felt. Though cleanliness is not at a premium, they live comfortably. From Kashgar, where there were missionaries and European society, our hardy geographer prepared to penetrate the great Takla-Makan desert. Now all around the edges of this desert are mountain ranges and rivers, but every honest map shows not only man's ignorance, but suggests the horrors of dryness and barrenness. At first all promised well. On the outskirts were found streams and greenery, and the route seemed like that in the Twenty-third Psalm. Soon they struck into the great thirst-land. Sand will not support human life, whether quiet and cushionlike under the feet, drifted into colossal dunes, or sifted in the air by hurricanes. One had to breathe semi-solid matter. Fearful were the sufferings of the dogs and camels. In the dust haze of the next day the crests of the dunes gleamed out of the gloom like fantastic ghosts, or yellow dolphins with arched backs, mocking the travellers for audacity in daring to defy them. All sense of distance and perspective was lost. By-and-by, with no moisture in sight, except a few quarts of water reserved for the men, "the ships

CAMELS TRAMPLING A PATH THROUGH THE SNOW.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR.

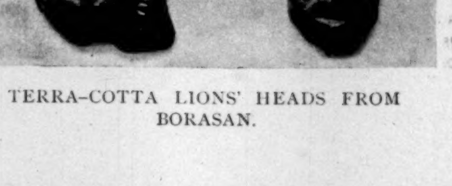
of the desert," man's only hope on that endless sea, became wrecks. Suddenly a gadfly came buzzing among the camels. Instantly the hopes rose to fever-point. They believed they were nearing "land." Mocking deception! The winged creature had probably lain hidden in the hairy hide of one of the camels. By ripping open the pack-saddles and feeding the camels on the material, with a few drops of water, they were able to move on a little further, hoping to make the Khotan Daria (or River). In vain they tried for water amid the red flood of a cloudless sunset after-glow. They dug in the sand to make a well. After hours of labor they had passed through a cool stratum only to feel the sand drier and warmer than before. One by one the camels died. Then, after no drinking had become possible, but only the moistening of the men's lips, the last drop of water gave out. In "the camp of death" the crisis came.

Abandoning the wreck of the caravan and the dead camels, Hedin and one of his men made a desperate march. Kasim fell exhausted when they had reached a tamarisk, and, willing to die there, left Hedin in his rags to crawl through the forest in search of a pool. The hero succeeded. Precious water revived him. It was as the angel to Hagar's boy. "Never before and never since have I so vividly realized the sublime influence of the Eternal," writes the author, who talks of the rustling robes of an unseen presence. Then, not like Lord Marmion's shivering monk (who brought water from Sibyl Grey's well in a helmet), but rather like a Dutch boy who makes a cup out of his klomps, the Swede, with his two water-proof boots filled to the leg-tops, went back to Kasim. The water in the leather cups saved the Yarkand man's life. Then they met shepherds, who formed a rescue party and went back to the deserted camp.

The author's next explorations were along the river valleys north and west, whence he returned to Kashgar for recuperation. The summer was spent in a trip to the southern Pamirs. Between the Russian and British officers of the Boundary Commission, delighted with Lord Salisbury's telegram of acceptance of their labors, lively were the festivities on "the roof of the world."

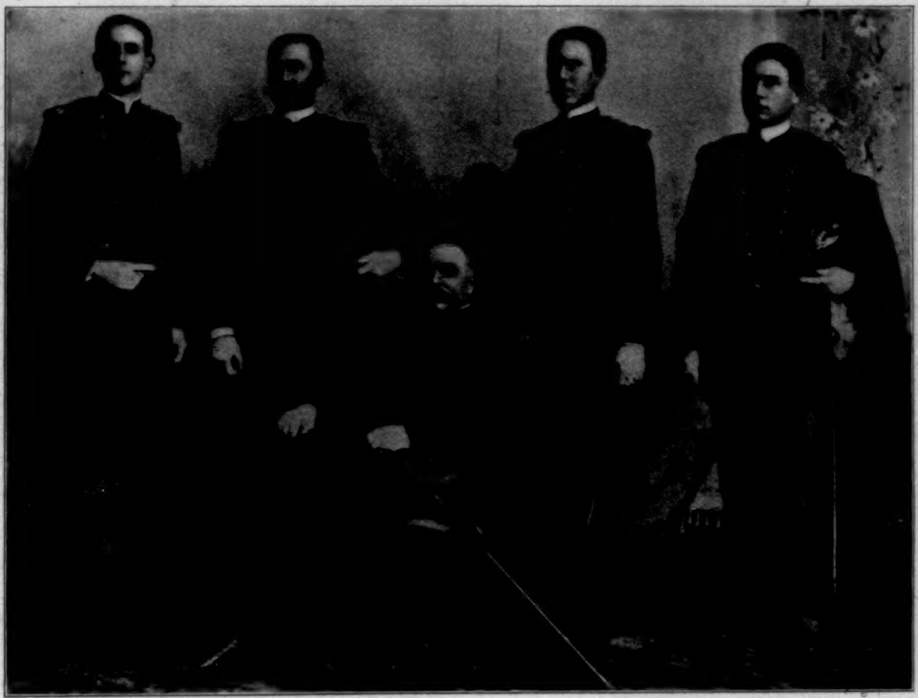
Another desert, the famous one of Gobi, or the dried-up sea, with whose name we are so familiar on the maps, remained to be traversed. While travelling to Lop Nor, the author passed through a region which, though vastly higher altitude, is not historically unlike Yucatan or Cambodia in its archæological interest and abundance of relics. Here Buddhism and civilization once flourished, and evidently from quite respectably ancient times. This part of the book will delight the scholar, for the relics collected by Mr. Hedin show that even Greek taste and principles of art had penetrated this region. The beauty of the human faces and the lion and other figures on the toys, the terra-cotta ornaments, and the tiles is striking. None the less so is the abundance of Buddhist relics. Here, too, are mighty forests, reed swamps, and wild camels, asses, and yaks. In one instance the author expected himself and his horse to be tossed into the air, but fortunately got a bullet in the right place at the exact second. Great indeed were the wonders and thrilling were the adventures of the author's desert journey. At one time he was robbed, but fortunately met with a resolute energy and quick sense of justice in protecting the interests of the European, which are not usual qualities in a Chinese mandarin. Once more from Khotan he pushed toward the rising sun, through northern Tibet and Tsaidam. Over the dunes and passes and down through a valley, which seemed little more than a chain of lakes, he reached inhabited regions again. With vigilance he passed the Tangut robbers scathless. Then, studying the Mongols, he passed Koko-nor. Buddhist temples by the thousands and images by the millions were seen. Then he moved eastward until he reached Peking.

No one has excelled Hedin in the value of the assured results of adventure and science nor in charm of story. The winsomeness and bonhomie of the author, his interest in children of all growths, as well as in the wonders of nature, account largely for the fascination of his narrative.



TERRA-COTTA LIONS' HEADS FROM BORASAN.

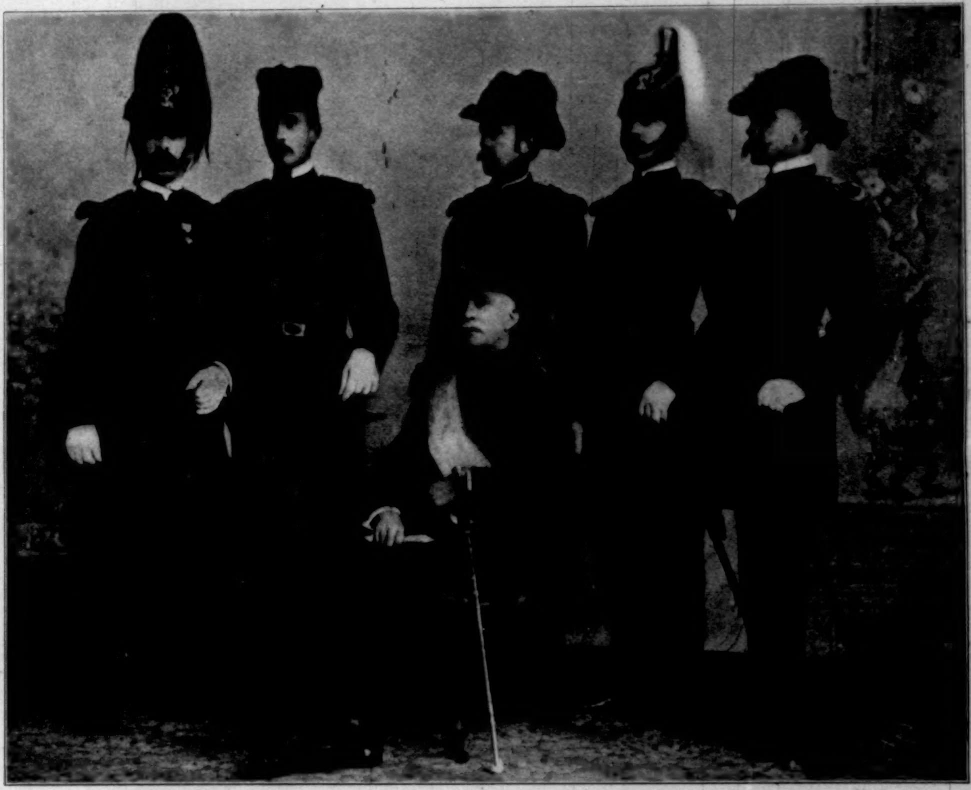
* *Through Asia.* By Sven Hedin. Two vols., 8vo., illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.



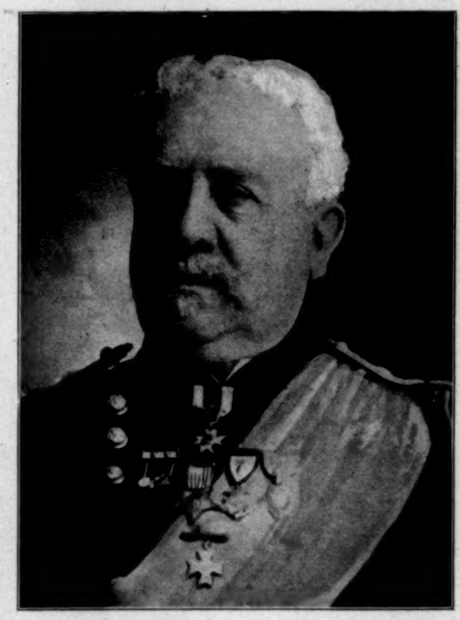
MAJ.-GEN. WADE, U.S.V., EVACUATION COMMISSIONER, AND STAFF.

BRIG.-GEN. J. W. CLOUS, U.S.V.,
Judge Advocate.

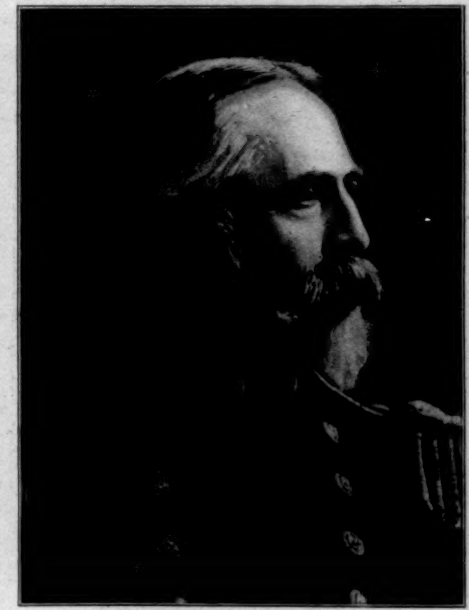
BRIG.-GEN. WILLIAM LUDLOW, U.S.V.,
Governor of City of Havana.



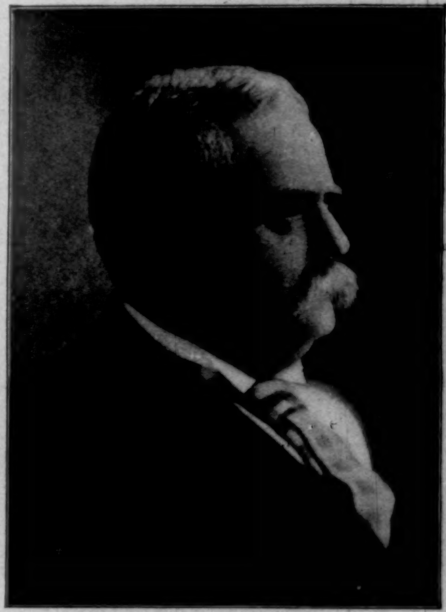
MAJ.-GEN. BUTLER, U.S.V., EVACUATION COMMISSIONER, AND STAFF.



MAJ.-GEN. JOHN R. BROOKE, U.S.A.,
Governor of Cuba.



ADMIRAL WILLIAM T. SAMPSON, U.S.N.,
Evacuation Commissioner.



MAJ.-GEN. FITZHUGH LEE, U.S.V.,
Governor of Province of Havana.

THE EVACUATION OF CUBA BY SPAIN.

DRAMA

THE idea upon which Miss Marie Corelli based her *Sorrows of Satan* is of very deep philosophical significance. Satan, though fallen, is a being of light—Lucifer, Angel of the Morning. In an evil hour he has sworn enmity to mankind, and the punishment God has given him is that he must keep his oath. He longs passionately to return to heaven, to which he was born, but is fated to tempt mankind to evil, and his wicked mission will not end until mankind has risen above every temptation. The common or garden devil is sad only when men are good. Miss Corelli's somewhat original devil is saddest when they are

Why the Devil is Sad.

AVONIA BUNN (ELIZABETH TYREE),
In "Trelawny of the Wells," Act II.

bad. We have here one of the oldest as well as of the profoundest of philosophical paradoxes. It is the essence of the saying, "Whom He loveth He chasteneth"; and almost every system of philosophy is tinged with the idea that the mission of disease, sorrow, and sin is to purify mankind. As a fable for a true drama, this has one very grave difficulty: it is hard, or impossible, to imagine that a being in human form, even a devil, should be so clever in doing a thing that is forever repugnant to him. In other words, the character of the sorrowing Satan has no dramatic propriety. The magnificently malignant devil of the Middle Ages—the Satan of "Paradise Lost"—is powerful as a dramatic figure because he fits our usual conceptions of the evil in life. The Corellian Satan can have place only in a drama of metaphysical thought. Yet in the hands of a poet who is sufficiently powerful this metaphysical drama of the "Sorrows of Satan" might be made as great as the philosophical drama of "Faust."

The treatment of Miss Corelli's Satan, I need scarcely point out, is not sufficiently powerful in either the novel or the drama. The novel, I must say, is far better than I would have believed in the days when all I knew of Miss Corelli was the fact that she is the favorite novelist of Queen Victoria, as well as of her more bourgeois subjects. Conventional as it is in treatment, and innocent of intellectual depth, it has a certain crude sublimity of conception, which has raised my estimate of Miss Corelli and of the Queen. The nameless dramatization of the novel at The Broadway is far from being a pure drama. It is a spectacular melodrama. This, it is only fair to add, is all it pretends to be; and after the conventional manner of spectacles and melodramas, it is not half bad. Essentially shallow and vapid as it is, it would be in no way surprising if it turned out to be a success.

A Sorry Satan at the Broadway.

Several of the people in the bill are pleasant to see. Miss Mary Shaw plays *Lady Sibyl Elton* much better than so crude a character deserves. I had the feeling that, granted a few speeches with a grain of dramatic propriety (I leave out the question of moral seemliness), she would have been well worth hearing. The other women, too, are better than their stupid and noxious parts deserve. I except only Miss Violet Dene, "from the Gaiety Theatre, London," who does La Danse d'Amour in the garden fête that Satan conjures up for the temptation of his hero. Miss Dene's dance was bad enough to tempt any man. As *Prince Louis Rimânez*—that is to say, Satan—Mr. John E. Kellard was, in his few good passages, strikingly effective. His only difference in costume (until his apotheosis at the end) lay in the fact that he wore a black evening tie with an afternoon coat—which certainly did look like the devil; but he somehow carried himself with a loftiness of bearing that kept his Satanic Majesty always in one's mind, and gave the only palpably artistic effect in the play—if one except La Danse d'Amour. I should like to see Mr. Kellard in a part that has real tragic possibilities.

The Devil and his Crew.

The fact that "Phroso" is an out-and-out melodrama, I take it, is by no means to be counted against it. The difference between a drama and a melodrama lies mainly in the fact that a drama develops from situation to situation in harmony with the characters and the passions at play, whereas the incidents of a melodrama are the result of accident merely. If the successive situations of a melodrama are truly conceived, and are adequately put into effect, only a pedant could object. In its fundamental action "Hamlet" is, and always will be, a melodrama. More than this, it has been observed that generations that have lost the taste for melodrama produce few or no tragic actors. About the only school in which the power of tragic utterance is to be learned is the too often despised melodrama. To any one who cares for tragedy the saddest fact connected with the very sad dearth of Shakesperean productions is that melodrama has passed away from Broadway, and is passing even from the Bowery. I accordingly went to the Empire Theatre with a willingness to be grateful to Mr. Hope for writing the novel of *Phroso* and to Messrs. Edward Rose and H. V. Esmond for putting it on the stage. I am still grateful to them, but not as I expected to be.

In Praise of the Melodrama.

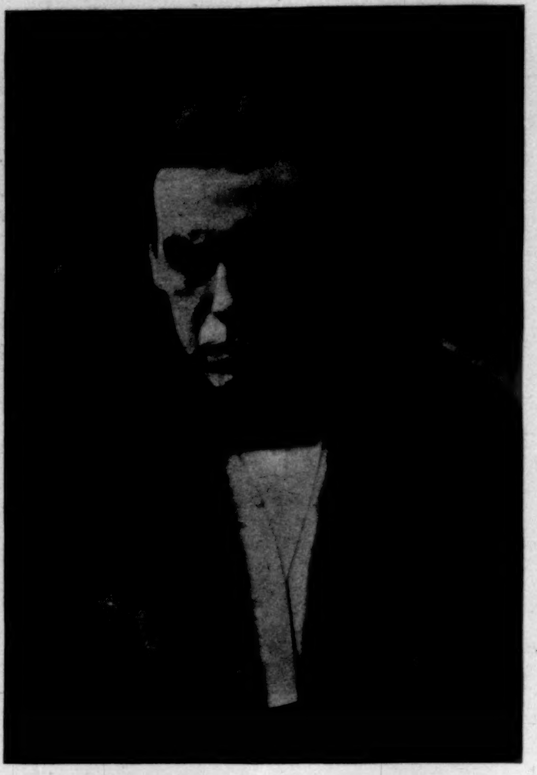
The successive adventures in "Phroso" are truly enough conceived in themselves; but they come and pass so rapidly that they fall on each other's necks. I confess to a liking for a hero that gets into trouble as fast as he gets out of it; but you can see the troubles of the hero of "Phroso" awaiting him in battalions. I also like a secret door. Mr. Sothern's secret door in "A Colonial Girl" I thought a marvel of Yankee ingenuity. The English secret door in "Phroso" wins from it hands down. It is a double-back-action secret door; a grand-right-and-left secret door. When the hero (Mr. William Faversham) wants to get into it, it turns only from the outside, and when the hero wants to get out, it turns only from the inside. When the Turk wants to go either way it turns him inside outside. These are not all the wonders! At the end of the third act the heroine (Miss Jessie Millward) goes into the secret passage in one gown, and when she emerges on the Bay of Sands, at the beginning of the fourth act, she has on another and even more beautiful gown. Such a secret door I adore! I like a villyun, too, and I do not particularly object if he villyuns so hard that everybody in town would certainly be on to him. In "Phroso" there is a Greek villyun and a Turk villyun, and each one has a band of heelers that go villyuning with him. It fares pretty ill with the hero until one villyun kills the other villyun, and the hero's band of heelers arrive just in time to pull him out of his last scrape before the curtain falls. At this point some critic remarked that there was too much incident in the play. I beg to differ. The audience was made up largely of pink-cheeked boys home from school for the holidays, of schoolgirls with their hair braided down their backs, and of sentimental parties like myself; and in that supreme moment when the stage was full of Greek villyuns and Turkish villyuns and sailor heelers, when the hero was triumphant over all, only a miserly old skinflint of a stage-manager could have the heart to deny us a ballet.

So Generous of you, Mr. Hope.

A fleeting impression I had had of "Trelawny of the Wells" was recalled by my reflections on amateur actors who imitate professionals, and I gladly made it the pretext for a third visit to the Lyceum. It seems to me now, as on the first hearing, that Mr. Pinero, expert as he often is in portraying the people of the real world, has not done as well by Cavendish Square as by the gypsies of the Wells. *Captain de Fœnix*, with his monocle and his weeper whiskers, is outwardly a replica of that swell of Leech's who could not drink coffee at breakfast because it kept him awake all day; but in all *de Fœnix* says and does there is not one trait as vital as that jest of Leech's. Young *Arthur Gower* might be anything that would fit Mr. Woodruff's curly blond wig and his curly blond smile. The great-aunt *Trafalgar* is at most designated by her horror of things "out of place." The Vice-Chancellor is more distinctly imagined, but even he has his trade-mark in his "have we no cheers!" and is otherwise a character of the kind familiar to the conventional English novel. A gentleman of the old school would scarcely have been so complaisant as to let himself be hidden behind the calico hangings that hide *Rose Trelawny's* bed, even to help along one of Mr. Pinero's situations. The actors of the Wells, on the other hand, appear more distinct and more complex on every hearing. If they have a tendency to mannerisms, as in the case of Ferdinand Gadd's often-repeated *Hahch!* it is the work of the Lyceum actors, not of the playwright. Miss Mannering, even granting the limitations of her power, shows the simple sweetness of the Leech girl, and perhaps more than the Leech girl's humor; her smile of appreciation as she bustles the Vice-Chancellor behind her hangings (which smile, by-the-way, as the book does not call for it, is possibly "business" of her own) almost redeems an impossible situation. Miss Tyree's *Avonia Bunn* is full of the exaggerated affection, the impossible loyalty, and the mental shallowness of the primitive histrionic temperament. Mr. Morgan's *Wrench*, at first a trifle heavy, is gaining in variety of comic effect, and is always rich and sincere in feeling. Miss Hilda Spong's *Imogen Parrott* "of the Olympic" is the life. In a word, while the manners of Mr. Pinero's "non-theatrical-folk," as he calls them, are capable of only the vaguest and most conventional portrayal, his "theatrical folk" show a depth of knowledge and an intimacy of satire greater than he has hitherto evinced. The struggle after "life" and "society," of which Mr. Pinero's comedietta shows us the beginning, has, after forty years, produced no more than this! Perhaps the Amateur Comedy Club is to be pardoned if it too begins and ends with the portrayal of the manners of the stage.

Mr. Pinero and Cavendish Square.

JOHN CORBIN.



JOHN E. KELLARD,
In "The Sorrows of Satan," at the Broadway Theatre.

MISS SUZANNE ADAMS,
Soprano, of the Maurice Grau Opera Company.

The Ocean is Ours

This poem was written by Hon. Bellamy Storer, United States Minister to Belgium, under the inspiration of a paragraph in an article published in the Paris *Temps*, on the destruction of the Spanish fleet off Santiago, and was sent to Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, who has kindly consented to its publication in HARPER'S WEEKLY. The following is a translation of the paragraph in question:

"If it is true that all the Spanish fleet has been destroyed except a single ship, it is a disaster almost equal to that of the Grand Armada. Once more the sea has betrayed Spain to the profit of that Anglo-Saxon race which appears decidedly, under whatever flag it fights—under the stars and stripes, or under the union jack—to have all the favors of that element."—THE EDITOR.

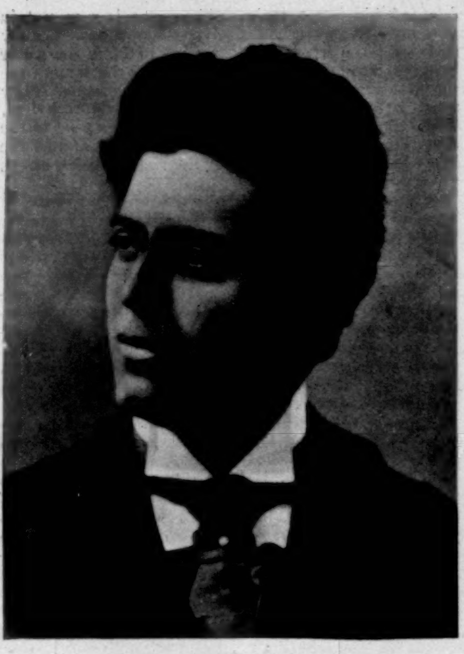
O'ER the Atlantic
Comes the roar of the ship guns—
The English-speaking ship guns—
Telling the "Latin race," frantic and old,
Telling all Russia, gigantic and young,
Telling the feudal boy-Kaiser romantic,
What the Spanish Armada by Howard was told;
What the winds to the salt seas for ages have sung.
Telling the Powers:
"The ocean is *ours*.
Together we pull,
Nelson and Farragut,
Rodney and Hull."

O'er the Pacific
Comes the roar of the ship guns—
The English-speaking ship guns—
Singeing the beard of the Don at Manila
As Drake did at Cadiz three centuries gone.
The Orient shakes at the thunder terrific,
Drake's message from Dewey: "We sank their flotilla
In spite of their forts! As *you* did, we've done!
The ocean is *ours*,
The ocean is *ours*.
Together we pull,
Nelson and Farragut,
Rodney and Hull."

M U S I C

THE absorbing home-interests that focus themselves affectionately between Christmas and New-Year's Day appear to have been no particular interference to musical audiences in this city during all the past fortnight. The Opera House has been crowded, and, moreover, the audiences have been brilliant socially. The concerts have succeeded, one by one, with what theatrical gentlemen call excellent business. Noticeable too this year has been a mighty influx of strangers from various quarters of the country; of strangers obviously with money to spend on other and more soothing pastimes than the struggle to purchase Christmas gifts for the grateful—and ungrateful—absent. To some of us who remember when, not so many years ago, the opera fairly went to bed to rest itself during the whole holiday term, or went afar on tour, when no musical managements in the city tried announcements, unless in the case of an annual "The Messiah" performance, this change is of some interest. To the artistic profession it must indeed be so. An old letter lies before me as I write, in which Teresa Tietjens says to a friend, "There is no money to be made in New York until past Christmas week; and Mr. —— is afraid that this year every one will be so poor after it that we shall never have good houses." Apparently the pinch of high-grade and wealthy poverty is not severe in the country's jubilant January of peace treaties, of territorial expansion, and of assorted singers, pianists, violinists, conductors, and what not.

Music's lost Holidays.



PIETRO MASCAGNI,
Composer of "Iris."

Apropos of "The Messiah," and of the custom, pious but by no means appropriate, of "offering" Handel's oratorio amid the hilarities of Christmas, it is pleasant to see how independent of the practice of engaging great foreign stars of doubtful English diction our Oratorio Society has become. The wise conclusion evidently has been reached that to sing Handel well demands American artists, or English ones, distinctively of the concert stage and of the oratorio manner—rather than the aid of foreign operatic people, charm they never so exquisitely. Apparently, too, that faithful (and curiously distinctive) thing the "'Messiah' public" is now intelligent enough to be satisfied with home-made competency, and with trustworthy, if not world-famous, voices in the familiar solo parts. Incidentally it is thus spared hearing German and French and Italian accents maltreat some of the most solemn and lovely of Biblical extracts. The Oratorio Society is this year under Mr. Frank Damrosch's progressive guidance. Its presentation of the old oratorio (not yet given as I write) should be a pleasure to all who esteem either the best or least admirable episodes in it. The quartet announced for it is solidly excellent—composed of Miss Sara Anderson, Mrs. Katherine Fiske, Mr. Whitney Mockridge, and Mr. David Bispham. Miss Anderson this year has been ranked, with deserved honors, among our younger sopranos. Mrs. Fiske, a contralto, originally of Chicago, but prominently identified with the finer concert incidents of the British stage during many seasons, is an unusual artist in the warmth of her large voice and in the sincere quality of her art.

Of "The Messiah."

Pietro Mascagni, even comparing him with Newest Italy in music, can hardly be regarded as a composer who has gone from strength to strength. "Cavalleria Rusticana" remains his most robust and representative opera. What its writer has put forth in the way of a later advance in elegance is not so eloquent. No new effort has achieved more than a shadow of the success of that passionate drama of Santuzza and Turiddu. "L'Amico Fritz" is feeble and finicky. "I Rantzau" is dull and finicky. "Ratcliff" has not made headway, though rewritten. "Silvano" is a failure. "Zanetto" is merely a refined and poetic trifle of delightful orchestral diction. To that score due notice was given in this department a year ago, when the opera—or operetta—was produced, rather casually, in this city.

Mascagni's new Opera "Iris."

To the composer's newest opera, "Iris," now only six weeks old, a reference has already been made here; but a trusty correspondent gives me some sober impressions of the work, after two or three hearings of it. They define its general course and quality and chances of success with more emphasis than do most discussions of it in print since its Roman *première*. The illustrations given herewith are of interest in the connection, a recent portrait of Mascagni included. The story and stage pictures of "Iris" are wholly Japanese. Luigi Illica has shaped a tragic, half-mystical tragedy in three acts, setting forth the pursuit of the innocent girl *Iris* (an absurd Latin name for a Japanese!) by *Osaka*, a young voluptuary. She is abducted by him during a street-ballet, to the despair of her blind old father. Imprisoned in a den of luxurious wickedness, *Iris* repels *Osaka*, and at last throws herself from a window over a precipice to escape him. She dies where she falls; but not till morning. As the sun rises it invests her corpse with all the splendors of morn, opens the flowers that are her emblem about her, glorifies her fate with a curious symbolism. Such is the outline of Illica's libretto, and it seems dramatic and picturesque. We have not had another serious Japanese opera, though the speaking stages have had several plays tragic or Niponese in character and local color. The praise for the score of "Iris" is especial to the richness and variety of its instrumentation, in which Mascagni appears to have told everything that he knows about writing an opera on symphonic lines—and he has studied diligently, perhaps overstudied, that matter for a good while. Of the lyrical quality and the dramatic force of the dialogues not so much is said, but the opera appears to be tolerably straightforward in them. A serenade at the beginning, a narrative scene in the second act, and a lyric duet that ensues, and a certain "Hymn to the Sun" which affords a prelude, and is described as "one of the most sumptuous and elaborate pieces of orchestral writing of the day"—are episodes of mark. The first performances have been brilliant in patronage; the Court, the Italian musical world, and a long list of impresarii from all over Europe attending. The chief rôles were taken by two singers known to New York—Ericlea Darclée (*Iris*), an extremely bad French soprano and a singularly powerful actress, who sang a few nights at the Academy of Music in 1896; and de Lucia (*Osaka*), a tenor of almost identical faults and virtues, who was with Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel, and Grau a few seasons ago with some effect.

Just as it chances, the present time of writing is out of joint for discussing a series of notable incidents in the way of fresh appearances at the Metropolitan Opera House. The lustrous roster of Mr. Grau's company for the season has been completed by the coming of yet other prima donnas and of other men singers of the first notability and vogue here. Mr. Jean de Reszké, Mr. Maurel, Madame Saville, and Madame Lehmann have arrived. They are late laborers in the Metropolitan's vineyard; but certain to receive a pretty penny, and really with a good deal of the burden and heat of the season before them. Madame Schumann-Heink, the star contralto of the season, is just on the eve of her delayed New York début as these lines leave me. So far, Madame Calvé and Miss Fanchon Thompson are the only singers originally announced as of Mr. Grau's tuneful battalion who will not, after all, be of its membership. It is significant of the company as it remains that two such absences are not more than remarked. Miss Suzanne Adams, one of our compatriots, and a young soprano of European success, has also a first New York appearance before her. Mr. de Reszké made his rentrée as *Roméo* last week, before a house of unbounded cordiality. It may be noted that the cordiality was prettier than it was discriminating. Mr. de Reszké was not in good voice, nor was his art as refined as the past has disclosed it in the same rôle. *Roméo*, for that matter, is no longer a happy assumption to a tenor of mature face and figure. All the *bel canto* in the power of such a master in it as is in Mr. de Reszké cannot atone for a *Roméo* obviously of more than middle years. Mr. de Reszké should be amiably but firmly warned away from the boyish lover of *Juliette*. In like manner, this representation made it clear that the part of *Juliette* can never be a joy to those of us who admire the wonderful endowments of Madame Sembrich. Gounod's music is curiously exact in revealing just how and where Madame Sembrich's lovely voice has been touched with time. As in Mr. de Reszké's instance, the subtlest acting cannot counterfeit youth. This week Mozart's "Don Giovanni" is to be revived in all honor, with a cast that will be historic, even among so many revivals of it preceding to-day.

The Season's Height.

KATHERINE FISKE,
Contralto.

The Castle Square Company added an odd operatic incident to the last week by reviving, or "resurrectionizing" (as goes the ominous old term of the police courts), "Lurline," that once popular "fairy opera" by the author of "Maritana." Whatever vitality the feeble piece possessed in the ears and eyes and imaginations of British audiences some forty years ago certainly cannot be discerned now. Wallace's personal history is nothing if not lively. His operas are nothing if not flaccid feebleness. The Castle Square should spend its capital powder and shot on better old targets than "Lurline." Perhaps the management thought that we have Wagnerian indigestion and need—a whey cure!

Wallace's "Lurline" resurrected.

In those cities hardly in close touch with New York to which it is pleasant to credit a considerably independent musical life, Dayton, Ohio, appears to be a somewhat special name. The Philharmonic Society of that city has just issued a record of its orchestral and choral presentations between 1878 and the present season. It makes a praiseworthy classical showing. The present conductor is Mr. W. L. Blumenschein. The orchestra I have not heard, so I cannot judge of its merits; but its repertory is distinctly honorable.

E. IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

BALLET GROUP IN MASCAGNI'S NEW OPERA, "IRIS," AS PRODUCED AT ROME.
"Death." "Pleasure." "The Vampire."

"THE MUSIC OF THE PAST"—MUSIC-ROOM DECORATION IN THE RESIDENCE OF THE ARTIST.

New Pictures by Frederick A. Bridgman

IN these days mural painting is absorbing the attention of many of our best painters, and it is interesting to note how one by one their number is being increased. Frederick A. Bridgman does not reckon himself among them yet. He has not so far painted a mural canvas—treated frankly, that is to say, as a part of the flat work, and designed with direct reference to some architectural space. But the fascination of the decorative style of painting has entered into him, and is leading him nearer and nearer to that dividing-line upon the other side of which the canvas ceases to count independently as a picture, and gains its chief strength and value by subordinating itself to the requirements of the architecture.

Mr. Bridgman has had several distinct manners. After a course of study at the École des Beaux Arts in Paris, under Gérôme, he spent five years in Brittany, where he painted a Breton interior, "Jeu Breton," which was given a position upon the line at the Paris Salon. This was in 1868, since which he has been a constant contributor to the same exhibition, and always maintained his position on the line. A visit to Algeria in 1872 led him to adopt Oriental subjects, with which the majority of people chiefly associate his name. Two examples of this style are "The Funeral Rites of a Mummy," in the possession of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, and "The Sacred Bull, Apis," which hangs in the Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington.

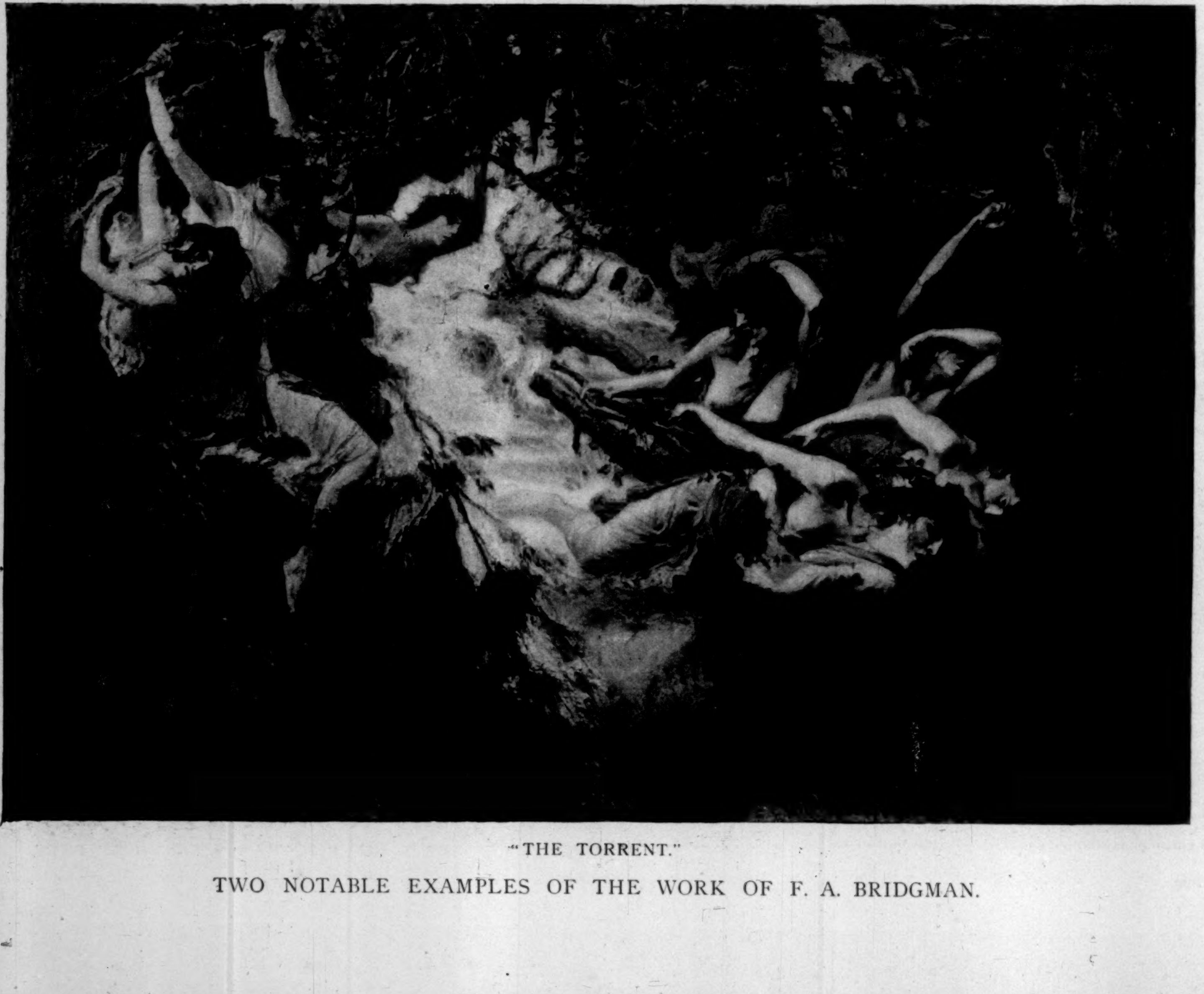
Since 1876, when he was awarded a medal at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, he has steadily added to his list of honors. Among them are medals of the third and second class at the Paris Salon, received respectively in 1877 and 1878, the Order of the Legion of Honor, bestowed the latter year, and gold medals at Berlin, Antwerp, and Munich. The Regent of Bavaria has also conferred upon him the Order of St. Michael. He is a member of the National Academy of Design, the Society of American Artists, and of the Paris Society of American Artists.

In consequence of his wife's health, he has been a constant sojourner in Europe, but is at present in this country. During January he proposes to hold an exhibition of his work at Boussod & Veladon's gallery on Fifth Avenue, comprising Grecian subjects, marines, portraits, and five important decorative pictures. The subjects of the latter are "Music of the Past," "Fête of the Woods: Bacchanti," "Harmony" (now placed in the Harmonic Club of New York city), and "The Rivulet" and "The Torrent," companion pictures which were exhibited at this year's Salon, and mark the farthest point to which Mr. Bridgman has gone in his latest manner. The first and last of these are reproduced upon this page. They represent the two poles of their author's method—complete restfulness and excessive movement. His versatility is illustrated not only by the variety of subjects which has occupied his brush, but by the wide difference of feeling that characterizes his work, of which these two reproductions are excellent examples. Nothing could be more unlike than the treatment of these two pictures. Viewed in the black and white it is difficult to realize that they are by the same hand; and it is all the more remarkable that the vigor of "The Torrent" should be the product of his latest style. The scene is a mountain torrent, studied in the Alps. A brilliant sunset glow burns behind the trees, and in a mass of foam the water is plunging into an abyss. The spirits of the torrent are in complete accord with the character of the scene. They represent both the beauty and the horror of the resistless, reckless force. Three beautiful forms are clinging to the overhanging branches, their draperies trailing amidst the foliage, while in a confused tangle the rest are being swept over the verge.

The same remarkable power of expressing movement is apparent in the picture of the Bacchanti, alluded to above. There the figures are thrown into a variety of joyous attitudes, but the variety does not interfere with rhythmic continuity which proceeds through the whole group, just as in "The Torrent" the individual action of the despairing spirits forms only an incident in the collective movement downwards.

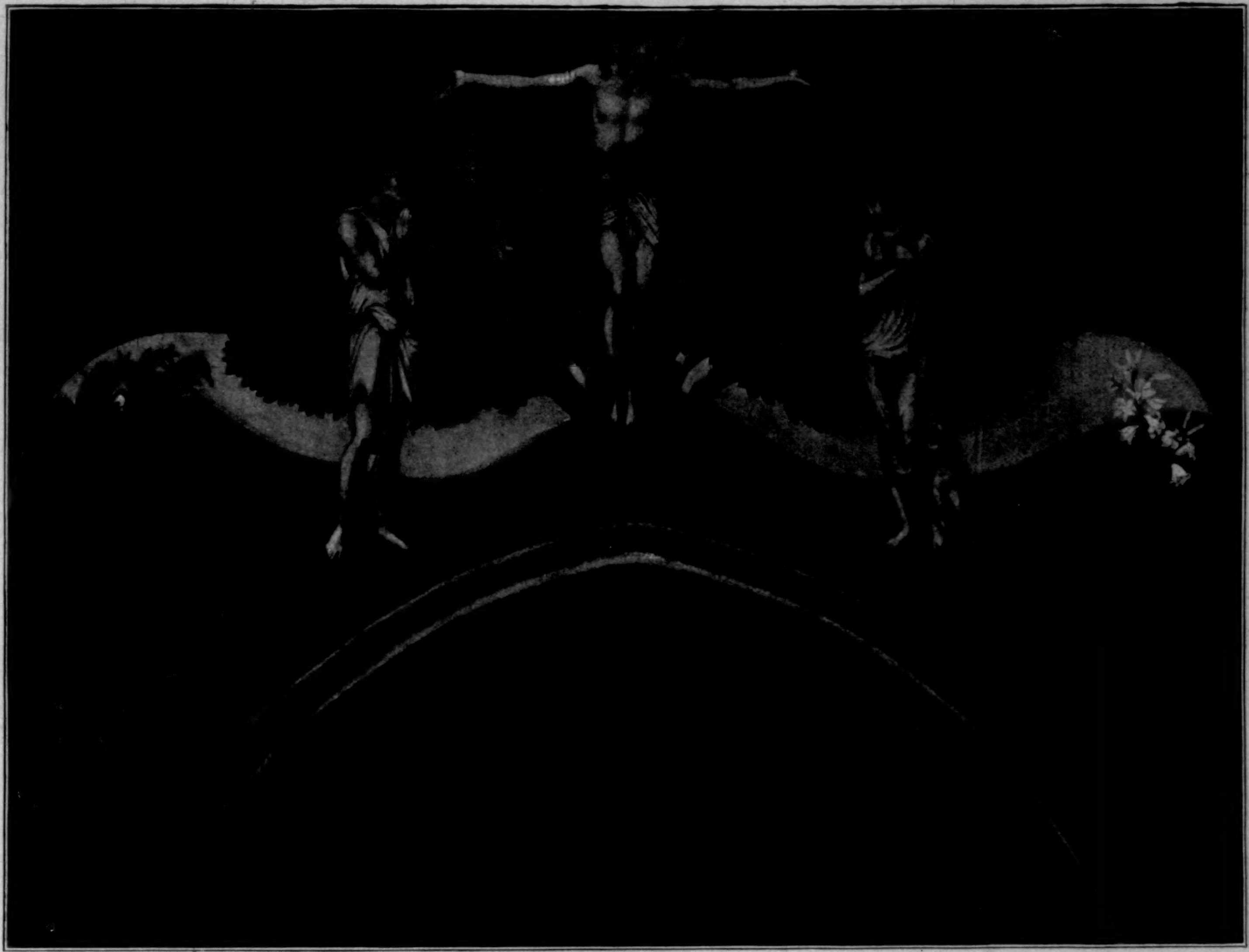
The companion picture to this last is "The Rivulet," in which the painter's mood rebounds from tumult to perfect quietude. The scene is again amidst the woods; there is a placid pool of water, and round it are grouped in simple and unaffected attitudes the fresh young spirits of the brook. "The Music of the Past," shown in the illustration above, occupies a frieze in the painter's residence in Paris. Its dimensions are fifteen feet by seven. The treatment of the scene recalls Mr. Bridgman's Greek subjects, but the instruments are of later date. It is an allegory, and need not be pinned down to chronological exactness. The pervading notion is a bevy of musicians listening to the strains of two harpers of Egypt—that mysterious cradle of civilization, in which were nursed the beginnings of our arts, sciences, and philosophies.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.



"THE TORRENT."

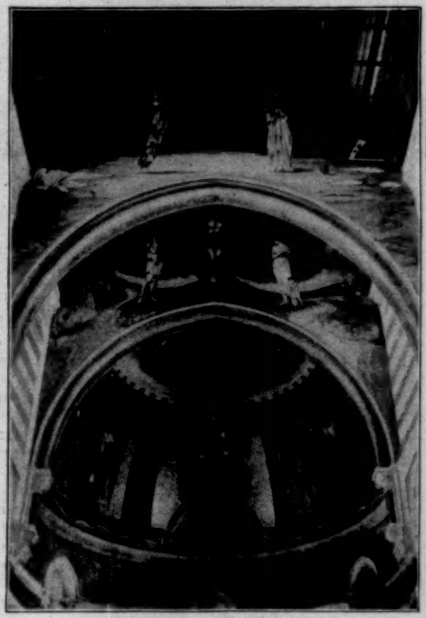
TWO NOTABLE EXAMPLES OF THE WORK OF F. A. BRIDGMAN.



"THE CRUCIFIXION"—ABOVE THE ARCH CONNECTING CHOIR AND APSE.

URIEL.

MICHAEL.



GENERAL VIEW, SHOWING ANNUNCIATION, CRUCIFIXION, AND CHRIST IN GLORY.

GABRIEL.

ANGEL OF THE SAN GRAAL.

"THE CHURCH MILITANT"—SUGGESTED FRIEZE AROUND THE APSE.—FROM THE ORIGINAL CHARCOAL SKETCH.

SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES'S MOSAICS IN THE AMERICAN EPISCOPAL CHURCH AT ROME.—[SEE PAGE 10.]

Mosaics in the American Church at Rome

ROME has always kept alive the art of mosaics, and the Pontifical factory, established by Pope Urban VIII. between 1623 and 1644, is the largest in the world. It is therefore a matter of considerable interest that, if you wish to see what are generally regarded as the finest modern examples of mosaic in Rome, you will find them, not in one of the Catholic churches, but in the American Episcopal church of St. Paul's-within-the-Walls, situated on the Via Nazionale, at the corner of the Via Napoli, and the Vatican factory has had no part in them. They were designed by the English painter, recently dead, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and executed under his closest supervision by the Venice and Murano Glass Company. The secret of their excellence is that the designer has followed—one might almost say revived—the best traditions of the old mosaics, from which the Pontifical factory has departed. The object of the latter was to reproduce oil paintings in glass cubes. The results, as seen in St. Peter's, are marvels of patience and ingenuity. Many visitors are taken in by them, thinking them to be real paintings, and then experiencing quite a delight when they find out the cunning deception. They come away and say they are like real paintings. But if they would only go and examine the originals from which they were copied, they would see for themselves that they are not like the real pictures, but more like one of the cheap chromos of the pictures. Those qualities which make the picture something more than a collection of figures in garments of certain colors—the wonderful effects of light and shade, the depth or tenderness of the colors, the way in which they fuse or reflect one another, and the variety of characterization in the faces.

Gradually, however, the moderns are admitting that, after all, the old men were right. Mosaic has distinct advantages over paint; it has equally distinct deficiencies. It cannot produce subtle effects, more especially in the way of characterization; but with its vitreous surface it can make the work look much more solid and rich; in fact, more of a wall than the flat coat of paint. It is accordingly particularly adapted to high and dimly lighted places, and its indestructibility is an additional advantage. Boldness and simplicity, therefore, were aimed at in the figures and ornament; and the backgrounds were broad open spaces of color, very often gold, with a few well-defined lines. The result is that the old work, though often faulty to the verge of absurdity in drawing, looks better in its place than the modern, notwithstanding the latter's superior craftsmanship.

The architectural spaces covered by mosaics at St. Paul's are two arches and an apse, and the subject selected may be conveniently summarized as the "Scheme of Salvation." Over the arch at the entrance to the choir is a representation of the Annunciation, which differs from those with which one is familiar because the painter has adhered to the tradition of the Greek Church, which places the scene in the open air beside a fountain of water. This has given opportunity for a plain sweep of background, with hills behind. Upon the right of the arch is the stream at which the Virgin has been filling her pitcher, and on the left is the pelican piercing her breast to feed her young: the early symbol of Christian charity, and of the Mother of Sorrows, of whom it was said, "Yea, a sword shall pierce through thine own breast also." There is a beautiful contrast in the rigidity of the poised figure of the angel and the reverential and submissive yield of the Virgin's.

Above the arch which connects the choir to the apse is portrayed a crucifixion, in which the painter has excelled himself in the originality and beauty of the spiritual imagery and in the unaffected graciousness of its representation. It is the perfectibility of the Divine sacrifice in its relation to mankind that he has sought to express—not the pain or humiliation of suffering, but its benediction. This is a new thought in pictorial representation. There are no traces of nails. The body hangs as if by its own volition—a "willing sacrifice." Instead of thorns, an aureole surrounds the young and beautiful face. The "accursed tree" is glorified by the poet-painter into the Tree of Life: Hela, as our Scandinavian forefathers called it, which had its roots in death, whose branches stretched into all lands, and whose leaves throbbed with the emotions of humanity. In this mosaic the group of stems overlap each other like bands of muscle; the branches are formed like arteries, and the contour of the foliage suggests the shape of a heart. Out of death comes life; labor results in fruitage. On each side of the tree, instead of the little band of Marys and the apostles and Roman soldiers, are figures typical of mankind. Every purely local signification is lost sight of. Imagination seizes on the broadest meaning of the mystery. Beside the man are sheaves of wheat, evidences of work; while the little ones nestling up to the woman suggest the joy and duty of maternity, and the lilies the beauty of her share in life. In this contrast of wheat and lilies readers will not fail to be reminded of Ruskin's allegory of "Sesame and Lilies."

To this inadequate description of the spiritual significance of the conception one can add an intimation only of the technical methods employed to express it. What words are to the writer, lines and masses and color are to the painter. He has a language of his own which speaks directly, while words take time, and then are often inadequate. The painter appeals to our imagination, which is always in excess of our power of expressing it. An examination of the reproduction will show how beautiful, as a piece of ornament, the whole is; what feeling there is in the individual parts; for example, the rich labyrinth of lines in the tree, the pure and simple enjoyment produced by the sweeping curves of the landscape, and the spirit of highest poetry expressed in the figures. The general effect is of perfect calm and orderliness, as if the painter would have us feel the reasonableness and holy fitness of the profound mystery of human pain.

Upon the ceiling of the apse is represented Christ triumphant. The lower portion is filled with the golden walls of the new Jerusalem. Six doors are visible, five of which are guarded by archangels, while the sixth is vacant, in memory of the fallen Lucifer. On the left stands Uriel, clasping the orb of the sun. Next to him is Michael or Azrael, with spear and shield. Beyond are, in order, Gabriel, with ceremonial rod and the lily of the Annunciation; Chemnel, the angel of the San Graal, holding the cup; and Zophiel, in whose hands rests the orb of the moon. In the centre is the sitting figure of the Christ, with right hand raised in benediction, and in the left the globe of the world. The posture recalls some of the old representations of this subject, and the face and form are young and comely, as in early Christian art, when the painters saw in the classical Apollo some counterpart of Christ. Behind the throne is a crimson mass of cherubim and seraphim and other angel forms, with purple wings. His feet rest upon the rainbow, and beneath gush out the four rivers of living water, mingling in a stream that encircles all the composition. Upon the vault above is a living aureole of angelic forms with instruments of music.

To complete the scheme, as it was originally conceived by Sir Edward Burne-Jones and Dr. Nevin, the rector of the church, a frieze is needed round the apse, to provide for which the present windows will have to be filled up. The painter had already provided a suggestion for the treatment in the form of a charcoal drawing, of which a reproduction accompanies this paper. The subject is the Church Militant upon Earth. The top of the drawing is fitted with a border of angels arranged in a way that would allow of very beautiful treatment. In the centre are the dignitaries of the church; to the left the matrons and penitents, and on the right the virgins and soldiers of the Cross. The sketch has noble possibilities, and it is much to be desired that opportunity may be found to complete it. The lamented death of the painter is a serious obstacle, but Dr. Nevin is such a profound connoisseur, and was so closely identified with the production of what is already executed, that his influence may be relied upon to enable the new work to be carried out in the spirit and method of the old.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

The Russian Budget for 1897

THIS Budget, the latest accessible, presented to the Czar at the end of the year 1896, is now nearly two years old. But it represents the general policy of the Russian government and its financial condition, and may be accepted as substantially the Budget of to-day, as no great change has taken place in either. So far as can be learned, the policy outlined in this report is consistently and energetically pursued, and the remarkable results disclosed by it have been confirmed and enlarged. The financial policy of Russia is not disturbed by popular agitation, due to party struggles, or by the *amateur* financial views of an ignorant people. An autocratic paternal government controls it, which can maintain a fixed, undeviating policy and purpose through a series of years. The Autocrat of All the Russias—a title which practically means a large body of bureaucratic experts surrounding the person of the Emperor—is, in fact, one of the most intelligent forces now at work in the financial world, and one which, from its independent and absolute position, is quite as likely solidly to carry out its plans and purposes as any other existing institution.

The most striking fact revealed by this Budget is the wonderful reform in the currency, the final accomplishment of which it announces. For more than a generation the money of Russia had consisted practically of depreciated paper. Its value was subject to violent fluctuations, and all the evils of an irredeemable legal-tender currency were experienced throughout the empire. Its fluctuations were a perpetual temptation to speculations in gold, and in all forms of capital. Honest industry ceased to be the open path to fortune. This state of affairs is unquestionably, to a large extent, the cause of the general commercial demoralization in Russian cities. As soon as the government felt itself strong enough it began a reform, and has prosecuted it with the utmost persistence and vigor for more than thirty years. Up to the time of the war with Turkey it seems to have contemplated the ultimate restoration of the ruble, the unit of value in Russia, to its nominal gold value of about seventy-eight cents; but that war could only be carried on by large legal-tender issues, and the ruble depreciated so much that this idea was abandoned. The government then wisely sought to strengthen as rapidly as possible its credit, and, as soon as a somewhat fixed rate of exchange could be established, to convert the entire issue of paper into redeemable currency at the new value. The treasury accumulated, by collecting customs in gold and by foreign loans, more than nine hundred millions of dollars of gold. It was found, as early as 1887, by a committee of experts, that the just average value of the ruble was in the neighborhood of two-thirds of its nominal gold value, and for ten years the government kept steadily in view the establishment of a redeemable currency on this basis. Finally, in 1896, it began the redemption of notes at this rate, and from that time the currency of Russia has consisted of gold and of paper redeemable in gold, though the gold coin is freely received, and paid at a rate fifty per cent. higher than the paper. This policy has avoided the steady and grinding reduction of values which would have followed an attempt to restore the original basis, and has attained the great end of a stable and redeemable currency.

This achievement is unquestionably the greatest that has ever been accomplished by a government in the administration of the currency. After the Napoleonic wars in 1815, England had a similar problem, but of much less difficulty. After the civil war in the United States, our government was in the like situation. But neither studied the problem with so much intelligence or solved it with so much wisdom and energy as has Russia. The result is not only to establish in the confidence of the world the financial soundness of the Russian money system, but to set before all other commercial nations a model and example of financial management worthy of the closest study, and, in many respects, of imitation. That it has been carried out by a despot is doubtless an important feature of the situation, but does not of itself prove that similar wisdom and persistency are impossible in a more popular government.

The Budget discusses the taxes at considerable length. For more than twenty years the policy of protecting home industry by discriminating customs duties has been pursued with a consistency and steadiness of purpose never equalled even in the United States. The ministry proclaims this policy as permanent, and justifies it because Russia's resources are highly developed only in the direction of agriculture. The purpose of the government is to foster mining and manufactures. Scientific economists understand the necessary results of this policy in the end. Manufactures are developed with rapidity, but at a cost to the people much greater than the benefit. The fact, however, remains that the policy has achieved its purpose. The aggregate product of manufactures and mines in the empire is shown, in this Budget, to be greater than the aggregate product of agriculture. This fact involves a remarkable revolution in social conditions, as well as in industry. Naturally enough, the forced development of industry has brought to distress large sections of the population. Immense and widespread suffering has been experienced by the agricultural masses. The Finance Ministry is laboring for the partial relief of this distress. Fortunately the condition of the treasury permits large remissions of the taxes which are hardest upon the poor. As the customs duties become more productive it is also proposed to modify in some directions the policy of extreme protection, wherever an equivalent can be obtained through commercial treaties. The net result of the whole Budget in this respect is a striking illustration of the familiar truth that any policy pursued consistently and permanently is better than no policy at all. The free-trader must admit that the strenuous protective system of Russia, pursued undeviatingly through a generation, is infinitely better for the nation than an unsettled and fluctuating system of duties subject to indefinite changes at any time as the result of a political struggle.

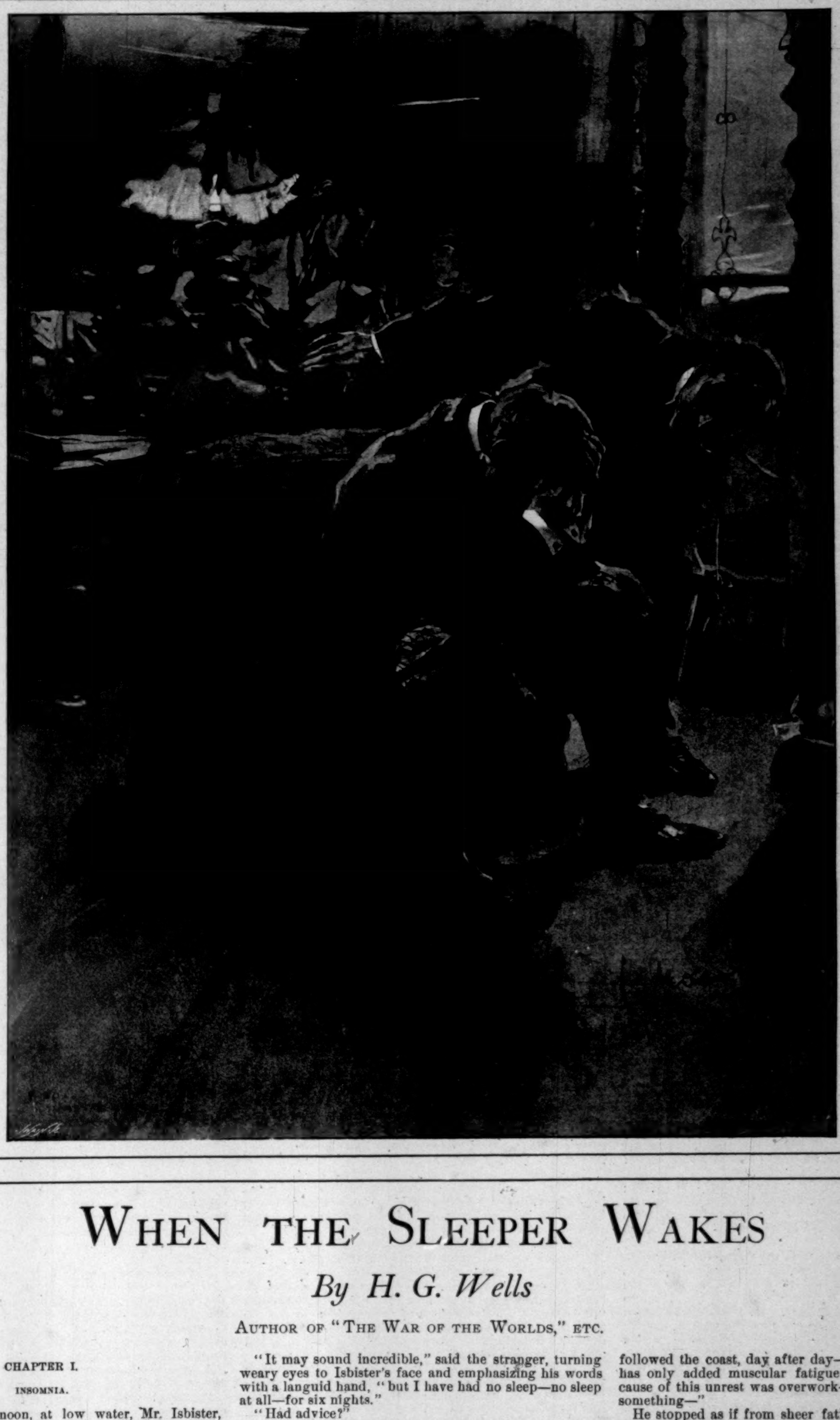
The total expenditures of the Russian Empire for all purposes are about seven hundred millions of dollars per annum. Much of this is productive, invested in public works. In 1896 about sixty-five millions of dollars were expended in constructing railroads, about half of it in the unfinished road across Siberia. The revenue from railways and other property, including invested funds, already amounts to about one hundred and sixty-five millions, or, in round numbers, one-fourth of the expenditure. This revenue is likely to be largely increased when works now under construction are completed. The growing activity of industry, and particularly the development of mines, add to it every year. There is a definite prospect that within ten years the taxation, now so oppressively felt by the agricultural districts, will be materially lightened. The most serious drawback to the national prosperity, and the greatest disgrace to Russian civilization, is the condition of the peasantry in these districts. The government has set itself seriously to work for their relief, and is making gratifying progress. If its present policy can be maintained for another generation, the material condition of the Russian people as a whole will probably be fairly equal to that of any large section of the population of Europe outside of the British Islands and France.

The general corruption of official administration is the greatest hinderance to this policy. The Emperor and his immediate dependents are unquestionably doing all they can for reform. It is, however, a herculean task, and will require time and patience as well as energy. But by far the greatest danger to the entire financial system of Russia lies in the possibility of war. The plans of the administration for the currency, for the gradual moderation of taxation, and for the diversifying and development of industry assume as their first condition the continuance of peace. The Czar is personally known to be not only a friend of peace, but almost fanatically devoted to its preservation. His personal convictions and wishes have hitherto resisted the military spirit in the government, and the determination of his most influential friends to push to the danger-point aggressive measures for expansion. There are elements of conflict in the situation which, with a different character on the throne, might at any time provoke war with England or with Germany, and possibly with Austria. It is needless to say that any foreign war at this time would defeat the plans of the government, and throw the entire fiscal system of Russia into utter confusion. The power of the financial administration and of moneyed society in general is strong for peace, and is growing year by year, so that if the impending crisis in the relations between Russia and England be once safely past, the prospect of a peace of long duration in eastern Europe will be greatly strengthened. Apart from the single contingency of a great war, which becomes less probable every year, the financial condition of the Russian Empire is as satisfactory and as promising for a long era of prosperity as that of any great power in the world other than Great Britain and the United States.

Thus the study of this Budget in the light of all other information accessible leads to two important conclusions. First. The interests of Russia have been so shaped during the present generation of men that they are now conspicuously and earnestly enlisted in the cause of peace. The great Eastern autocracy is no longer a menace to the peace of the world, being exposed to greater dangers, indeed to the assurance of more sweeping ruin from an important war than any other nation in Europe, and having as its absolute monarch the most earnest and intelligent lover of peace who has worn a crown in our times. The person of the Czar, and the more and more settled policy of his administration, promise to relieve Europe of those apprehensions of a terrible conflict, either with Austria on the ground of competing interests in the direction of the Balkan peninsula, or with Germany in the matter of the Baltic provinces, or with England in the perpetual struggle for supremacy in Asia, which have for many years troubled statesmen and darkened the prospects of the future.

Secondly. Apart from the single danger of war, the credit of the Russian government in the loan markets of the world is sure to be strengthened and improved as time goes on. There is no borrowing government in Europe which has to-day a prospect of an advance in the value of its obligations so great as that which is possible, and even probable, in the case of Russia.

CHARLTON T. LEWIS.



When the Sleeper Wakes

By H. G. Wells

Author of "The War of the Worlds," etc.

CHAPTER I.

INSOMNIA.

ONE afternoon, at low water, Mr. Isbister, a young artist lodging at Boscastle, walked from that place to the picturesque cove of Pentargen, desiring to examine the caves there. Half-way down the precipitous path to the Pentargen beach he came round a mass of rock, suddenly, upon a man in an attitude of profound distress. He was seated on a projecting ledge of slate, his hands hung limply over his knees, his eyes were red and staring before him, and his face was wet with tears.

He glanced round at Isbister's footfall. Both men were disconcerted, Isbister the more so, and, to override the awkwardness of his involuntary pause, he remarked, with an air of mature conviction, that the weather was hot for the time of year.

"Very," answered the stranger, shortly, hesitated a second, and added, in a colorless tone, "I can't sleep."

Isbister stopped abruptly. "No?" was all he said, but his bearing conveyed his helpful impulse.

"It may sound incredible," said the stranger, turning weary eyes to Isbister's face and emphasizing his words with a languid hand, "but I have had no sleep—no sleep at all—for six nights."

"Had advice?"

"Yes. Bad advice for the most part. Drugs. My nervous system . . . . They are all very well for the run of people. It's hard to explain. I dare not take . . . sufficiently powerful drugs."

"That makes it difficult," said Isbister.

He stood helplessly in the narrow path, perplexed what to do. Clearly the man wanted to talk. An idea, natural enough under the circumstances, prompted him to keep the conversation going. "I've never suffered from sleeplessness myself," he said, in a tone of commonplace gossip, "but in those cases I have known, people have usually found something—"

"I dare make no experiments."

He spoke wearily. He gave a gesture of rejection, and for a space both men were silent.

"Exercise?" suggested Isbister, diffidently, with a glance from his interlocutor's face of wretchedness to the touring costume he wore.

"That is what I have tried. Unwisely perhaps, I have followed the coast, day after day—from New Quay. It has only added muscular fatigue to the mental. The cause of this unrest was overwork—trouble. There was something—"

He stopped as if from sheer fatigue. He rubbed his forehead with a lean hand. He resumed speech like one who talks to himself:

"I was a lone wolf, a solitary man, wandering through a world in which I had no part. I was wifeless, childless—who is it speaks of the childless as the dead twigs on the tree of life? I was wifeless, childless—I could find no duty to do. No desire even in my heart. One thing at last I set myself to do.

"I said, I *will* do this, and to do it, to overcome the inertia of this dull body, I resorted to drugs. Great God, I've had enough of drugs! I don't know if *you* feel the heavy inconvenience of the body, its exasperating demand of time from the mind—time—life! Live! We only live in patches. We have to eat, and then come the dull digestive complacencies—or irritations. We have to take the air, or else our thoughts grow sluggish, stupid, run into gulfs and blind alleys. A thousand distractions arise from within and without, and then come drowsiness and sleep. Men seem to live for sleep. How little of a man's

day is his own—even at the best! And then come those false friends, those Thug helpers, the alkaloids that stifle natural fatigue and kill rest—black coffee, cocaine—"

"I see," said Isbister.

"I did my work," said the sleepless man, with a querulous intonation.

"And this is the price?"

"Yes."

For a little while the two remained without speaking.

"You cannot imagine the craving for rest that I feel—a hunger and thirst. For six long days, since my work was done, my mind has been a whirlpool, swift, unprogressive, and incessant, a torrent of thoughts leading nowhere, spinning round swift and steady—" He paused. "Towards the gulf."

"You must sleep," said Isbister decisively, and with the air of a remedy discovered. "Certainly you must sleep."

"My mind is perfectly lucid. It was never clearer. But I know I am drawing towards the vortex. Presently—"

"Yes?"

"You have seen things go down an eddy? Out of the light of this day, out of the sweet world of sanity—down—"

"But—" expostulated Isbister.

The man threw out a hand towards him, and his eyes were wild and his voice suddenly high. "I shall kill myself. If in no other way—at the foot of yonder dark precipice there, where the waves are green, and the white surge lifts and falls, and that little thread of water patters down. There, at any rate, is . . . . sleep."

"That's unreasonable," said Isbister, startled at the man's hysterical gust of emotion. "Drugs are better than that."

"There, at any rate, is sleep," repeated the stranger, not heeding him.

Isbister looked at him, and wondered, transitorily, if some complex providence had indeed brought them together that afternoon. "There's a cliff like that at Lulworth Cove—as high, anyhow—and a little girl fell from top to bottom. And lives to-day—sound and well."

"But those rocks there—"

"One might lie on them rather dismally through a cold night, broken bones grating as one shivered, chill water splashing over you. Eh?"

Their eyes met. "Sorry to upset your ideals," said Isbister, with a sense of devil-may-carish brilliance. "But a suicide over that cliff (or any cliff, for the matter of that)—really, as an artist—" He laughed. "It's so damned amateurish."

"But the other thing," said Graham, irritably—"the other thing. No man can keep sane if night after night—"

"Have you been walking along this coast alone?"

"Yes."

"Silly sort of thing to do. If you'll excuse my saying so. Alone! As you say, body fag is no cure for brain fag. Who told you to? No wonder! Walking! And the sun on your head, heat, fag, solitude, all the day long; and then, I suppose, you go to bed and try very hard—eh?"

Isbister stopped short and looked at the sufferer doubtfully.

"Look at these rocks!" cried the seated man, with a sudden force of gesture. "Look at that sea that has shone and quivered there forever! See the white spume rush into darkness under that great cliff. And this blue vault, with the blinding sun pouring from the dome of it. It is your world. You accept it; you rejoice in it. It warms and supports and delights you. And for me—" He turned his head and showed a ghastly face, bloodshot pallid eyes and bloodless lips. He spoke almost in a whisper. "It is the garment of my misery. The whole world . . . is the garment of my misery."

Isbister looked at all the wild beauty of the sunlit cliffs about them and back to that face of despair. For a moment he was silent.

He started, and made a gesture of impatient rejection. "You get a night's sleep," he said, "and you won't see much misery out here. Take my word for it."

He was quite sure now that this was a providential encounter. Only half an hour ago he had been feeling horribly bored. Here was employment the bare thought of which was righteous self-applause. He took possession forthwith. It seemed to him that the first need of this exhausted being was companionship. He flung himself down on the steeply sloping turf beside the motionless seated figure, and deployed forthwith into a skirmishing-line of gossip.

His hearer seemed abruptly to have lapsed into apathy; he stared dismally seaward, and spoke only in answer to Isbister's direct questions—and not to all of those. But he made no sign of objection to this benevolent intrusion upon his despair.

In a helpless way he seemed even grateful, and when presently Isbister, feeling that his unsupported talk was losing vigor, suggested that they should reascend the steep and return towards Boscastle, alleging the view into Blackapit, he submitted quietly. Half-way up he began talking to himself, and abruptly turned a ghastly face on his helper. "What can be happening?" he asked, with a gaunt illustrative hand. "What can be happening? Spin, spin, spin, spin. It goes round and round, round and round for evermore."

He stood with his hand circling.

"It's all right, old chap," said Isbister, with the air of an old friend. "Don't worry yourself. Trust to me."

The man dropped his hand and turned again. They went over the brow in single file and to the headland beyond Penally, with the sleepless man gesticulating ever and again, and speaking fragmentary things concerning his whirling brain. At the headland they stood for a space by the seat that looks into the dark mysteries of Blackapit, and then he sat down. Isbister had resumed his talk whenever the path had widened sufficiently for them to walk abreast. He was enlarging upon the complex difficulty of making Boscastle Harbor in bad weather, when suddenly and quite irrelevantly his companion interrupted him again.

"My head is not like what it was," he said, gesticulating for want of expressive phrases. "It's not like what it was. There is a sort of oppression, a weight. No—not drowsiness; would God it were! It is like a shadow, a deep shadow falling suddenly and swiftly across something busy. Spin, spin into the darkness. The tumult of thought, the confusion, the eddy and eddy. I can't express it. I can hardly keep my mind on it—steadily enough to tell you."

He stopped feebly.

"Don't trouble, old chap," said Isbister. "I think I can understand. At any rate, it don't matter very much just at present about telling me, you know."

The sleepless man thrust his knuckles into his eyes and rubbed them. Isbister talked for a while, while this rubbing continued, and then he had a fresh idea. "Come down to my room," he said, "and try a pipe. I can show you some sketches of this Blackapit. If you'd care?"

The other rose obediently, and followed him down the steep.

Several times Isbister heard him stumble as they came down, and his movements were slow and hesitating. "Come in with me," said Isbister, "and try some cigarettes and the blessed gift of alcohol. If you take alcohol?"

The stranger hesitated at the garden gate. He seemed no longer clearly aware of his actions. "I don't drink," he said, slowly coming up the garden path, and after a moment's interval repeated absently: "No—I don't drink. It goes round. Spin, it goes—spin—"

He stumbled at the door-step, and entered the room with the bearing of one who sees nothing.

Then he sat down abruptly and heavily in the easy-chair, seemed almost to fall into it. He leant forward with his brows on his hands, and became motionless.

Presently he made a faint sound in his throat. Isbister moved about the room with the nervousness of an inexperienced host, making little remarks that scarcely required answering. He crossed the room to his portfolio, placed it on the table, and noticed the mantel clock.

"I don't know if you'd care to have supper with me," he said, with an unlighted cigarette in his hand—his mind troubled with a design of the furtive administration of chloral. "Only cold mutton, you know, but passing sweet. Welsh. And a tart, I believe." He repeated this after momentary silence.

The seated man made no answer. Isbister stopped, match in hand, regarding him.

The stillness lengthened. The match went out; the cigarette was put down unlit. The man was certainly very still. Isbister took up the portfolio, opened it, put it down, hesitated, seemed about to speak. "Perhaps," he whispered, doubtfully. Presently he glanced at the door and back to the figure. Then he stole on tiptoe out of the room, glancing at his companion after each elaborate pace.

He closed the door noiselessly. The house door was standing open, and he went out beyond the porch, and stood where the monk's-hood rose at the corner of the garden bed. From this point he could see the stranger through the open window, still and dim, sitting, head on hand. He had not moved.

Presently a number of children going along the road stopped and regarded the artist curiously. A boatman exchanged civilities with him. He felt that possibly his circumspect attitude and position seemed peculiar and unaccountable. Smoking, perhaps, might seem more natural. He drew pipe and pouch from his pocket, filled the pipe slowly.

"I wonder—" he said, with a scarcely perceptible loss of complacency. "At any rate, one must give him a chance." He struck a match and proceeded to light his pipe.

Presently he heard his landlady behind him, coming with his lamp lit from the kitchen. He turned, gesticulating with his pipe, and stopped her at the door of his sitting-room. He had some difficulty in explaining the situation in whispers, for she did not know he had a visitor. She retreated again with the lamp, still a little mystified, to judge from her manner, and he resumed his hovering at the corner of the porch, flushed, and less at his ease.

Long after he had smoked out his pipe, and when the bats were abroad, his curiosity dominated his complex hesitations, and he stole back into his darkling sitting-room. He paused in the doorway. The stranger was still in the same attitude, dark against the window. Save for the singing of some sailors aboard one of the little slate-carrying ships in the harbor, the evening was very still. Outside, the spikes of monk's-hood and delphinium stood erect and motionless against the shadow of the hill-side. Something flashed into Isbister's mind; he started, and leaning over the table, listened. An unpleasant suspicion grew stronger, became conviction. Astonishment seized him and became—dread.

No sound of breathing came from the seated figure!

He crept slowly and noiselessly round the table, pausing twice to listen. At last he could lay his hand on the back of the easy-chair. He bent down until the two heads were ear to ear.

Then he bent still lower to look up at his visitor's face. He started violently, and uttered an exclamation. The eyes were void spaces of white.

He looked again, and saw that they were open, and with the pupils rolled under the lids. He was suddenly afraid. Overcome by the strangeness of the man's condition, he took him by the shoulder and shook him. "Are you asleep?" he said, with his voice jumping into alto, and again, "Are you asleep?"

A conviction took possession of his mind that this man was dead. He suddenly became active and noisy, strode across the room, blundering against the table as he did so, and rang the bell.

"Please bring a light at once," he said in the passage. "There is something wrong with my friend."

Then he returned to the motionless seated figure, grasped the shoulder, shook it, and shouted. The room was flooded with yellow glare as his astonished landlady entered with the light. His face was white as he turned blinking towards her. "I must fetch a doctor at once," he said. "It is either death or a fit. Is there a doctor in the village? Where is a doctor to be found?"

CHAPTER II.

THE TRANCE.

THE state of rigor into which the man had fallen lasted for an unprecedented length of time, and then he passed on slowly to the flaccid state, to a lax attitude suggestive of profound repose. Then it was his eyes could be closed.

He was removed from the hotel to the Boscastle surgery, and from the surgery, after some weeks, to London. But he still resisted every attempt at reanimation. After a time, for reasons that will appear later, these attempts were discontinued. For a great space he lay in that strange condition, inert and still—neither dead nor living, but, as it were, suspended, hanging midway between nothingness and existence. His was a darkness unbroken by a ray of thought or sensation, a dreamless inanition, a vast space of peace. The tumult of his mind had swelled and risen to an abrupt climax of silence. Where was the man? Where is any man when insensibility takes hold of him?

"It seems only yesterday," said Isbister. "I remember it all as though it happened yesterday—clearer, perhaps, than if it had happened yesterday."

It was the Isbister of the last chapter, but he was no longer a young man. The hair that had been brown and a trifle in excess of the fashionable length was iron gray and clipped close, and the face that had been pink and white was buff and ruddy. He had a pointed beard shot with gray. He talked to an elderly man who wore a summer suit of drill (the summer of that year was unusually hot). This was Warming, a London solicitor, and next of kin to Graham, the man who had fallen into the trance. And the two men stood side by side in a room in a house in London, regarding his recumbent figure.

It was a yellow figure lying lax upon a water bed and clad in a flowing shirt—a figure with a shrunken face and a stubby beard, lean limbs, and lank nails, and about it was a case of thin glass. This glass seemed to mark off the sleeper from the reality of life about him; he was a thing apart, a strange, isolated abnormality. The two men stood close to the glass, peering in.

"The thing gave me a shock," said Isbister. "I feel a queer sort of surprise even now when I think of his white eyes. They were white, you know, rolled up. Coming here again brings it all back to me."

"Have you never seen him since that time?" asked Warming.

"Often wanted to come," said Isbister; "but business nowadays is too serious a thing for much holiday-keeping. I've been in America most of the time."

"If I remember rightly," said Warming, "you were an artist?"

"Was. And then I became a married man. I saw it was all up with black and white very soon—at least, for a mediocre man—and I jumped on to process. Those posters on the cliffs at Dover are by my people."

"Good posters," admitted the solicitor, "though I was sorry to see them there."

"Last as long as the cliffs, if necessary!" exclaimed Isbister, with satisfaction. "The world changes. When he fell asleep, twenty years ago, I was down at Boscastle with a box of water-colors and a noble old-fashioned ambition. I didn't expect that some day my pigments would glorify the whole blessed coast of England from Land's End round again to the Lizard. Luck comes to a man very often when he's not looking."

Warming seemed to doubt the quality of the luck. "I just missed meeting you, if I recollect aright."

"You came back by the trap that took me to Camelford railway station. It was close on the Jubilee—Victoria's Jubilee, because I remember the seats and flags in Westminster, and the row with the cabman at Chelsea."

"The Diamond Jubilee it was," said Warming; "the second one."

"Ah, yes! At the proper Jubilee—the fifty-year affair—I was down at Wookey—a boy. I missed all that.... What a fuss we had with him! My landlady wouldn't take him in, wouldn't let him stay—he looked so queer when he was rigid. We had to carry him in a chair up to the hotel. And the Boscastle doctor—it wasn't the present chap, but the G. P. before him—was at him until nearly two, with me and the landlord holding lights and so forth."

"It was a cataleptic rigor at first, wasn't it?"

"Stiff!—wherever you bent him he stuck. You might have stood him on his head and he'd have stopped. I never saw such stiffness. Of course this"—he indicated the prostrate figure by a movement of his head—"is quite different. And of course the little doctor—what was his name?"

"Smithers?"

"Smithers it was—was quite wrong in trying to fetch him round too soon, according to all accounts. The things he did! Even now it makes me feel all—ugh! Mustard, snuff, pricking. And one of those beastly little things, not dynamos—"

"Induction coils."

"Yes. You could see his muscles throb and jump, and he twisted about. There was just two flaring yellow candles, and all the shadows were shivering, and the little doctor nervous and putting on side, and *him*—stark and squirming in the most unnatural ways. Well, it made me dream."

Pause.

"It's a strange state," said Warming.

"It's a sort of complete absence," said Isbister. "Here's the body, empty. Not dead a bit, and yet not alive. It's like a seat vacant and marked 'engaged.' No feeling, no digestion, no beating of the heart—not a flutter. *That* doesn't make me feel as if there was a man present. In a sense it's more dead than death, for these doctors tell me that even the hair has stopped growing. Now with the proper dead the hair will go on growing—"

"I know," said Warming, with a flash of pain in his expression.

They peered through the glass again. Graham was indeed in a strange state—in the flaccid phase of a trance, but a trance unprecedented in medical history. Trances had lasted for as much as a year before, but at the end of that time it had ever been a waking or a death; sometimes first one and then the other. Isbister noted the marks the physicians had made in injecting nourishment, for that device had been resorted to to postpone collapse; he pointed them out to Warming, who had been trying not to see them.

"And while he has been lying here," said Isbister, with the zest of a life freely spent, "I have changed my plans in life—married, raised a family. My eldest lad—I hadn't begun to think of sons then—is an American citizen, and looking forward to leaving Harvard. There's a touch of gray in my hair. And this man, not a day older nor wiser (practically) than I was in my downy days! It's curious to think of."

Warming turned. "And I have grown old too. I played cricket with him when he was nine and I fourteen.

And now he looks a young man still. Yellow, perhaps. But that *is* a young man, nevertheless."

"And there's been the war," said Isbister.

"From beginning to end."

"I've understood," asked Isbister, "that he had some moderate property of his own?"

"That is so," said Warming. He coughed primly. "As it happens, I have charge of it."

"Ah!" Isbister thought, hesitated, and spoke: "No doubt—his keep here is not expensive—no doubt it will have improved, accumulated?"

"It has. He will wake up very much better off—very much better off—if he wakes—than when he slept."

"As a business man," said Isbister, "that thought has naturally been in my mind. I have, indeed, sometimes thought that, speaking commercially, of course, this sleep may be a very good thing for him. That he knows what he is about, so to speak, in being insensible so long. If he had lived straight on—"

"I doubt if he would have premeditated as much," said Warming. "He was not a far-sighted man. In fact—"

"Yes?"

"We differed on that point. I stood to him somewhat in the relation of a guardian. You have probably seen enough of affairs to recognize that occasionally a certain friction— But even if that was the case, there is a doubt whether he will ever wake. This sleep exhausts slowly, but it exhausts. Apparently he is sliding slowly, very slowly and tediously, down a long slope, if you can understand me?"

"It will be a pity to lose his surprise. There's been a lot of change these twenty years. It's Rip Van Winkle come real."

"It's Bellamy," said Warming. "There has been a lot of change, certainly. And, among other changes, I have changed. I am an old man."

Isbister hesitated, and then feigned a belated surprise. "I shouldn't have thought it."

"I was forty-three when his bankers—you remember you wired to his bankers—sent on to me."

"I got his address from his check-book in his pocket," said Isbister.

"Well, the addition is not difficult," said Warming.

There was another pause, and then Isbister gave way to an unavoidable curiosity. "He may go on for years yet," he said, and had a moment of hesitation. "We have to consider that. His affairs, you know, may fall some day into the hands of—some one else, you know."

"That, if you will believe me, Mr. Isbister, is one of the problems most constantly before my mind. We happen to be—as a matter of fact, there are no very trustworthy connections of ours. It is a grotesque and unprecedented position."

"It is," said Isbister. "As a matter of fact, it's a case for a public trustee, if only we had such a functionary."

"It seems to me it's a case for some public body, some practically undying guardian—if he really is going on living—as the doctors, some of them, think. As a matter of fact, I have gone to one or two public men about it. But, so far, nothing has been done."

"It wouldn't be a bad idea to hand him over to some public body—the British Museum trustees, or the Royal College of Physicians. Sounds a bit odd, of course, but the whole situation is odd."

"The difficulty is to induce them to take him."

"Red-tape, I suppose?"

"Partly."

Pause. "It's a curious business, certainly," said Isbister. "And compound interest has a way of mounting up."

"It has," said Warming. "And now the gold-supplies are running short, there is a tendency towards.... appreciation."

"I've felt that," said Isbister, with a grimace. "But it makes it better for *him*."

"*If* he wakes."

"If he wakes," echoed Isbister. "Do you notice the pinched-in look of his nose, and the way in which his eyelids sink?"

"I doubt if he will wake."

"I never properly understood," said Isbister, "what it was brought this on. He told me something about overstudy. I've often been curious."

"He was a man of considerable gifts, but spasmodic, emotional. He had grave domestic troubles—divorced his wife, in fact—and it was as a relief from that, I think, that he took up politics of the rabid sort. He was a fanatical Radical—a Socialist. Overwork upon a controversy did this for him. I remember the pamphlet he wrote—a curious production. Wild, whirling stuff. There were a few prophecies. Some of them are already exploded, some of them are established facts. But for the most part, to read such a thesis is to realize how full the world is of unanticipated things. He will have much to learn, much to relearn, when he wakes—if ever a waking comes."

"I'd give anything to be there," said Isbister, "just to hear what he would say to it all."

"So would I," said Warming. "Ay, so would I," with an old man's sudden turn to self-pity. "But I shall never see him wake." He stood looking thoughtfully at the waxen figure. "He will never wake again."

But Warming was wrong in that. An awakening came.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE AWKWARD AGE.* *By Henry James*

AUTHOR OF "DAISY MILLER," "AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE," ETC.

A Novel.

(*CONCLUSION.*)

XXXVI.

"BUT surely you're not going already?" she asked. "Why in the world then do you suppose I appealed to you?"

"Bless me, no; I've lots of time." He dropped, laughing for very eagerness, straight into another chair. "You're too awfully interesting. Is it really an 'appeal'?" Putting the question indeed, he could scarce even yet allow her a chance to answer it. "It's only that you make me a little nervous with your account of all the people who are going to tumble in. And there's one thing more," he quickly went on; "I just want to make the point in case we should be interrupted. The whole fun is in seeing you this way alone."

"Is *that* the point?" Nanda, as he took breath, gravely asked.

"That's a part of it—I feel it, I assure you, to be charming. But what I meant—if you'd only give me time, you know, to put in a word—is, what, for that matter, I've already told you: that it almost spoils my pleasure for you to keep reminding me that a bit of luck like this—luck for *me:* I see you coming!—is after all, for you, but a question of business. Hang business! Good—don't stab me with that paper-knife. I listen. What *is* the great affair?" Then as it looked for an instant as if the words she had prepared had just, in the supreme pinch of her need, fallen apart, he once more tried his advantage. "Oh, if there's any difficulty about it, let it go—we'll take it for granted. There's one thing, at any rate—do let me say this—that I *should* like you to keep before me: I want, before I go, to make you light up for me the question of little Aggie. Oh, there are other questions too as to which I regard you as a perfect fountain of curious knowledge! However, we'll take them one by one—the next some other time. You always seem to me to hold the strings of such a lot of queer little dramas. Have something on the shelf for me when we meet again. *The* thing, just now, is the outlook for Mitchy's affair. One cares enough for old Mitch to fancy one may feel safer for a lead or two. In fact I want regularly to turn you on."

"Ah, but the thing I happen to have taken it into my head to say to you," Nanda now placidly enough replied, "hasn't the least bit to do, I assure you, either with Aggie or with 'old Mitch.' If you don't want to hear it—want some way of getting off—please believe *they* won't help you a bit." It was quite, in fact, that she felt herself at last to have found the right tone. Nothing less than a conviction of this could have made her after an instant add: "What in the world, Mr. Van, are you afraid of?"

Well, that it *was* the right tone a single little minute was sufficient to prove—a minute, I must yet haste to say, big enough, in spite of its smallness, to contain the longest look ever, on any occasion, exchanged between these friends. It was one of those looks—not so frequent, it must be admitted, as the muse of history, dealing at best in short cuts, is often, by the conditions of her trade, reduced to representing them—which, after they have come and gone, are felt not only to have changed relations, but absolutely to have cleared the air. It certainly helped Vanderbank to find his answer. "I'm only afraid, I think, of your conscience."

He had been indeed, for the space, more helped than she. "My conscience?"

"Think it over—quite at your leisure—and some day you'll understand. There's no hurry," he continued—"no hurry. And when you do understand, it needn't make your existence a burden to you to fancy you must tell me." Oh, he was so kind—kinder than ever now. "The thing is, you see, that *I* haven't a conscience. I only want my fun."

They had on this a second look, also decidedly comfortable, though discounted, as the phrase is, by the other, which had really, in its way, exhausted the possibilities of looks. "Oh, I want *my* fun too," said Nanda, "and, little as it may strike you in some ways as looking like it, just this, I beg you to believe, is the real thing. What's at the bottom of it," she went on, "is a talk I had not long ago with mother."

"Oh yes!" Van returned with brightly blushing interest. "The fun," he laughed, "that's to be got out of 'mother'!"

"Oh, I'm not thinking so much of that. I'm thinking of any that she herself may be still in a position to pick up. Mine, now, don't you see? is in making out how I can manage for this. Of course it's rather difficult," the girl pursued, "for me to tell you exactly what I mean."

"Oh, but it isn't a bit difficult for me to understand you!" Vanderbank spoke, in his geniality, as if this were in fact the veriest trifle. "You've got your mother on your mind. That's very much what I mean by your conscience."

Nanda had a fresh hesitation, but evidently unaccompanied, at present, by any pain. "Don't you still *like* mamma?" she at any rate quite successfully brought out. "I must tell you," she quickly subjoined, "that, though I've mentioned my talk with her as having finally led to my writing to you, it isn't in the least that she then suggested my putting you the question. I put it," she explained, "quite off my own bat."

The explanation, as an effect immediately produced, manifestly, for Vanderbank—and also on the spot—improved it. He sat back in his chair with a pleased—a distinctly exhilarated—sense of the combination. "You're an adorable family!"

"Well then, if mother's adorable, why give her up? That I don't mind admitting she did, the day I speak of, let me see that she feels you've done; but without suggesting either—not a scrap, please believe—that I should make you any sort of scene about it. Of course, in the first place, she knows perfectly that anything like a scene would be no use. You couldn't make out even if you wanted," Nanda went on, "that *this* is one. She won't hear us—will she?—smashing the furniture. I didn't think, for a while, that I could do anything at all, and I worried myself, with that idea, half to death. Then suddenly it came to me that I could do just what I'm doing now. You said a while ago that we must never be—you and I—anything but frank and natural. That's what I said to myself also—why not? Here I am for you therefore, as natural as a cold in your head. I just ask you—I even press you. It's because, as she said, you've practically ceased coming. Of course I know everything changes. It's the law—what is it?—'the great law' of something or other. All sorts of things happen—things come to an end. She has more or less—by his marriage—lost Mitchy. I don't want her to lose everything. Do stick to her. What I really wanted to say to you—to bring it straight out—is that I don't believe you thoroughly know how awfully she likes you. I hope my saying such a thing doesn't affect you as 'immodest.' One never knows—but I don't much care if it does. I suppose it *would* be immodest if I were to say that I verily believe she's in love with you. Not, for that matter, that father would mind—he wouldn't mind, as he says, a twopenny rap. So"—she extraordinarily kept it up—"you're welcome to any good the information may have for you: though that, I dare say, does sound hideous. No matter—if I produce any effect on you. That's the only thing I want. When I think of her downstairs there so often nowadays practically alone, I feel as if I could scarcely bear it. She's so fearfully young."

This time at least her speech, while she went from point to point, completely hushed him, though, after a full glimpse of the direction it was taking, he ceased to meet her eyes and only sat staring hard at the pattern of the rug. Even when at last he spoke it was without looking up. "You're indeed, as she herself used to say, the modern daughter! It takes that type to wish to make a career for her parents."

"Oh," said Nanda, very simply, "it isn't a 'career' exactly, is it—keeping hold of an old friend; but it may console a little, mayn't it, for the absence of one? At all events I didn't want not to have spoken before it's too late. Of course I don't know what's the matter between you, or if anything's really the matter at all. I don't care, at any rate, *what* is—it can't be anything very bad. Make it up, make it up—forget it. I don't pretend that's a career for *you* any more than for her; but there it is. I know how I sound—most patronizing and pushing; but nothing venture nothing have. You *can't* know how much you are to her. You're more to her, I verily believe, than any one *ever* was. I hate to have the appearance of plotting anything about her behind her back; so I'll just say it once for all. She said once, in speaking of it to a person who repeated it to me, that you had done more for her than any one, because it was you who had really brought her out. It *was*—you did. I saw it at the time myself. I was very small, but I *could* see it. You'll say I must have been a most uncanny little wretch, and I dare say I was, and am keeping now the pleasant promise. That doesn't prevent one's feeling that when a person has brought a person out—"

"A person should take the consequences," Vanderbank broke in, "and see a person through?" He could meet her now perfectly, and proceeded admirably to do it. "There's an immense deal in that, I admit—I admit. I'm bound to say I don't know quite what I did—one does these things, no doubt, with a fine unconsciousness: I should have thought indeed it was the other way round. But I assure you I accept all consequences and all responsibilities. If you don't know what's the matter between us, I'm sure *I* don't either. It can't be much—we'll look into it. I don't mean you and I—*you* mustn't be any more worried; but she and her so unwittingly faithless one. I *haven't* been so often, I know"—Van pleasantly kept his course. "But there's a tide in the affairs of men—and of women, too, and of girls and of every one. You know what I mean—you know it for yourself. The great thing is that—bless both your hearts!—one doesn't, one simply *can't* if one would, give your mother up. It's absurd to talk about it. Nobody ever did such a thing in his life. There she is, like the moon or the Marble Arch. I don't say, mind you," he candidly explained, "that every one *likes* her equally: that's another affair. But no one who ever *has* liked her can afford ever again, for any long period, to do without her. There are too many stupid people—there's too much dull company. That, in London, is to be had by the ton; your mother's intelligence, on the other hand, will always have its price. One can talk with her, for a change. She's fine, fine, fine. So, my dear child, be quiet. She's a fixed star."

"Oh, I know she is," Nanda said. "It's *you*—"

"Who may be only the flashing meteor?" He sat and smiled at her. "I promise you then that your words have stayed me in my course. You've made me stand as still as Joshua made the sun." With which he got straight up. "'Young,' you say she is?" he, as if to make up for it, all the more sociably continued. "It's not like anything else. She's youth. She's *my* youth—she *was* mine. And if you ever have a chance," he wound up, "do put in for me that, if she wants *really* to know, she's booked for my old age. She's clever enough, you know"—and Vanderbank, laughing, went over for his hat—"to understand what you tell her."

Nanda took this in with due attention; she was also now on her feet. "And then she's so lovely."

"Awfully pretty!"

"I don't say it, as they say, you know," the girl continued, "*because* she's mother, but I often think when we're out that wherever she is—"

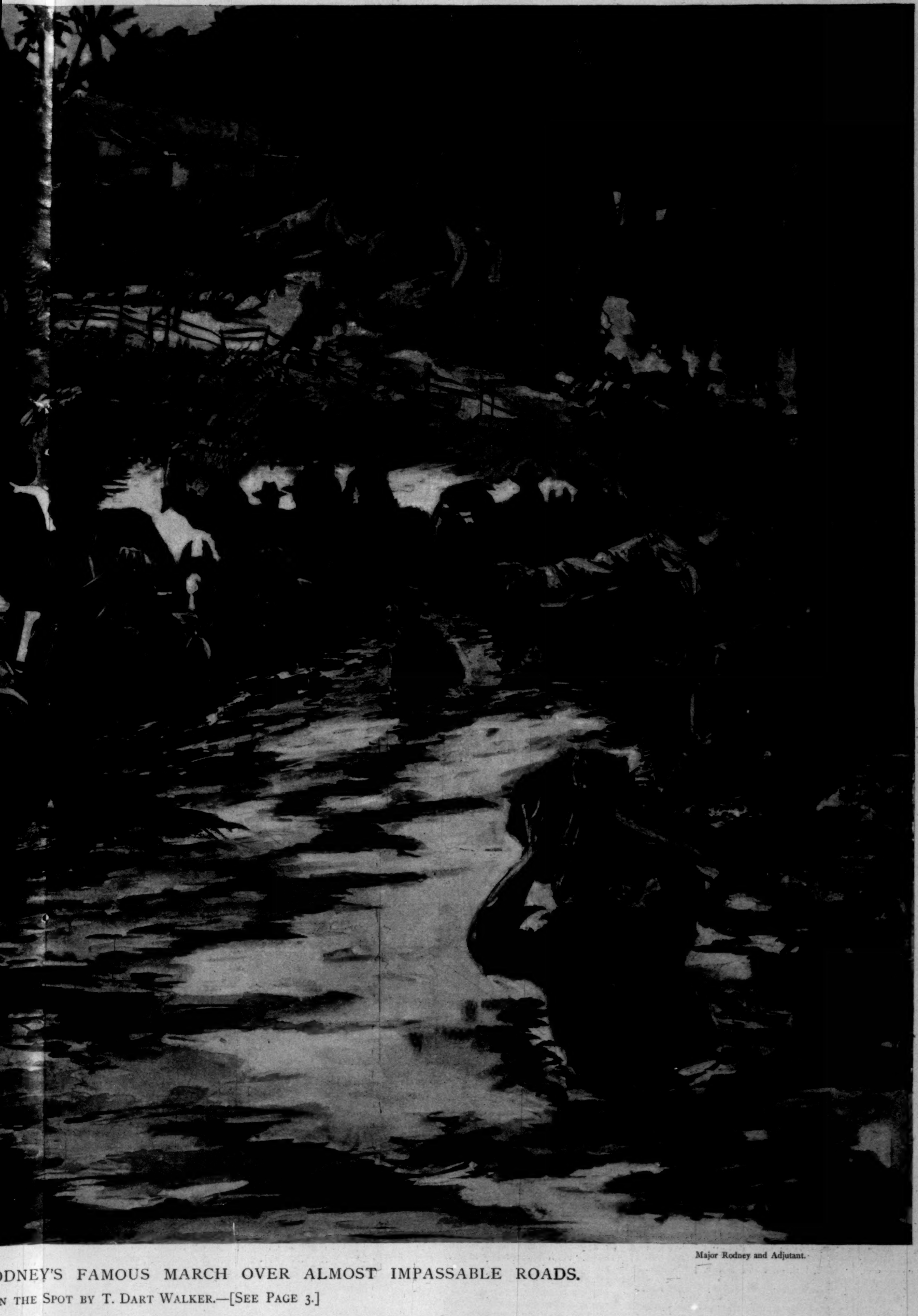
"There's no one that, all round, really touches her?" Vanderbank took it up with zeal. "Oh, so every one thinks, and in fact one's appreciation of the charming things that, in that way, are so intensely her own, can scarcely breathe on them all lightly enough. And then, hang it, she has perceptions—which are not things that run about the streets. She has surprises." He almost broke down for vividness. "She has little ways."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2180.

Captain Curtis, of the Indiana Battery.

MOVING ARTILLERY IN PUERTO RICO—MAJOR RODN

DRAWN FROM SKETCHES MADE ON T



Major Rodney and Adjutant.

ODNEY'S FAMOUS MARCH OVER ALMOST IMPASSABLE ROADS.

N THE SPOT BY T. DART WALKER.—[SEE PAGE 3.]

"Well, I'm glad you do like her," Nanda gravely replied.

At this again he fairly faced her, his momentary silence making it still more direct. "I like, you know, about as well as I ever liked anything, this wonderful idea of yours of putting in a plea for her solitude and her youth. Don't think I do it injustice if I say—which is saying much—that it's quite as charming as it's amusing. And now good-by."

He had put out his hand, but Nanda hesitated. "You won't wait for tea?"

"My dear child, I can't." He seemed to feel, however, that something more must be said. "We shall meet again. But it's getting on, isn't it, toward the general scatter?"

"Yes, and I hope that this year," she answered, "you'll have a good holiday."

"Oh, we shall meet before that. I shall do what I can, but upon my word I feel, you know," he laughed, "that such a tuning-up as *you*'ve given me will last me a long time. It's like the high Alps." Then with his hand out again he added: "Have you any plans yourself?"

So many, it might have seemed, that she had to take no time to think. "I dare say I shall be away a good deal."

He candidly wondered. "With Mr. Longdon?"

"Yes—with him most."

He had another pause. "Really for a long time?"

"A long, long one, I hope."

"Your mother's willing again?"

"Oh, perfectly. And, you see, that's why."

"Why?" She had said nothing more, and he failed to understand.

"Why you mustn't too much leave her alone. *Don't!*" Nanda brought out.

"I won't. But," he presently added, "there are one or two things."

"Well, what are they?"

He produced in some seriousness the first. "Won't she see, after all, the Mitchys?"

"Not so much, either. That of course is now very different."

Vanderbank hesitated. "But not for *you*, I gather—is it? Don't you expect to see them?"

"Oh yes—I hope they'll come down."

He moved away a little—not straight to the door. "To Beccles? Funny place for them, a little though, isn't it?"

He had put the question as if for amusement, but Nanda took it literally. "Ah, not when they're invited so very very charmingly. Not when he wants them so."

"Mr. Longdon? Then that keeps up?"

"'That'?"—she was at a loss.

"I mean his intimacy—with Mitchy."

"So far as it *is* an intimacy."

"But didn't you, by-the-way;"—and he looked again at his watch—"tell me they're just about to turn up together?"

"Oh, not so very particularly together."

"Mitchy first alone?" Vanderbank asked.

She had a smile that was dim, that was slightly strange. "Unless you'll stay for company."

"Thanks—impossible. And then Mr. Longdon alone?"

"Unless Mitchy stays."

He had another pause. "You haven't, after all, told me about the efflorescence of his wife."

"How can I if you don't give me time?"

"I see—of course not." He seemed to feel for an instant the return of his curiosity. "Yet it won't do, will it? to have her out before *him?* No, I must go." He came back to her, and at present she gave him a hand. "But if you do see Mr. Longdon alone will you do me a service? I mean indeed not simply to-day, but with all other good chances?"

She waited. "*Any* service. But which first?"

"Well," he returned in a moment, "let us call it a bargain. I look after your mother—"

"And I—?" She had had to wait again.

"Look after my good name. I mean for common decency to *him.* He has been of a kindness to me that, when I think of my failure to return it, makes me blush from head to foot. I've odiously neglected him—by a complication of accidents. There are things I ought to have done that I haven't. There's one in particular—but it doesn't matter. And I haven't even explained about *that.* I've been a brute, and I didn't mean it, and I couldn't help it. But there it is. Say a good word for me. Show him somehow or other that I'm *not* a brute. In short," the young man said, quite flushed once more with the intensity of his thought, "let us have it that you may quite trust *me,* if you'll let me a little—just for my character as a gentleman—trust *you.*"

"Ah, you may trust me," Nanda replied with her hand-shake.

"Good-by then!" he called from the door.

"Good-by," she said, after he had closed it.

XXXVII.

It was half past five when Mitchy came in; and Nanda's relapse had in the mean time known no arrest but the arrival of tea, which, however, she had left untouched. He expressed, on entering, the fear that he failed of exactitude, to which she replied by the assurance that he was, on the contrary, remarkably near it, and by the mention of all the aid to patience she had drawn from the pleasure of half an hour with Mr. Van—an allusion that of course immediately provoked on Mitchy's part the liveliest interest. "He *has* turned up at last then? How tremendously exciting! And your mother?" he went on; after which, as she said nothing: "Did *she* see him, I mean, and is he, perhaps, with her now?"

"No; she won't have come in—unless you asked."

"I didn't ask. I asked only for you."

Nanda thought an instant. "But you will still sometimes come to see her, won't you? I mean you won't ever give her up?"

Mitchy, at this, laughed out. "My dear child, you're an adorable family!"

She took it placidly enough. "That's what Mr. Van said. He said I'm trying to make a career for her."

"Did he?" Her visitor, though without prejudice to his amusement, appeared struck. "You must have got in with him rather deep."

She again considered. "Well, I think I did rather. He was awfully beautiful and kind."

"Oh," Mitchy concurred, "trust him always for that!"

"He wrote me, on my note," Nanda pursued, "a tremendously good answer."

Mitchy was struck afresh. "Your note? What note?"

"To ask him to come. I wrote at the beginning of the week."

"Oh—I see," Mitchy observed as if this were rather different. "He couldn't then of course have done less than come."

Yet his companion again thought. "I don't know."

"Oh come—I say: you do know," Mitchy laughed. "I should like to see him—or you either!" There would have been for a continuous spectator of these episodes an odd resemblance between the manner and all the movements that had followed his entrance and those that had accompanied the installation of his predecessor. He laid his hat, as Vanderbank had done, in three places in succession, and appeared to have very much the same various views about the security of his stick and the retention in his hand of his gloves. He postponed the final selection of a seat, and he looked at the objects about him while he spoke of other matters. Quite in the same fashion indeed at last these objects impressed him. "How charming you've made your room, and what a lot of nice things you've got!"

"That's just what Mr. Van said too. He seemed immensely struck."

But Mitchy hereupon, once more, had a drop to extravagance. "Can I do nothing then but repeat him? I came, you know, to be original."

"It would be original for *you,*" Nanda promptly returned, "to be at all like him. But you *won't,*" she went back, "not sometimes come for mother only? You'll have plenty of chances."

This he took up with more gravity. "What do you mean by chances? That you're going away? That *will* add to the attraction!" he exclaimed as she kept silence.

"I shall have to wait," she answered at last, "to tell you definitely what I'm to do. It's all in the air—yet I think I shall know to-day. I'm to see Mr. Longdon."

Mitchy wondered. "To-day?"

"He's coming at half past six."

"And then you'll know?"

"Well—*he* will."

"Mr. Longdon?"

"I meant Mr. Longdon," she said after a moment.

Mitchy had his watch out. "Then shall I interfere?"

"There are quantities of time. You must have your tea. You see at any rate," the girl continued, "what I mean by your chances."

She had made him his tea, which he had taken. "You do squeeze us in!"

"Well, it's an accident your coming together—except of course that you're *not* together. I simply took the time that you each independently proposed. But it would have been all right even if you *had* met. That is, I mean," she explained, "even if you and Mr. Longdon do. Mr. Van, I confess, I did want alone."

Mitchy had been glaring at her over his tea. "You're more and more remarkable!"

"Well then, if I improve so, give me your promise."

Mitchy, as he partook of refreshment, kept up his thoughtful gaze. "I shall presently want some more, please. But do you mind my asking if Van knew—"

"That Mr. Longdon's to come? Oh yes, I told him, and he left with me a message for him."

"A message? How awfully interesting!"

Nanda thought. "It *will* be, awfully—to Mr. Longdon."

"Some more *now,* please," said Mitchy while she took his cup. "And to Mr. Longdon only, eh? Is that a way of saying that it's none of *my* business?"

The fact of her attending—and with a happy show of particular care—to his immediate material want added somehow, as she replied, to her effect of sincerity. "Ah, Mr. Mitchy, the business of mine that has not by this time, ever so naturally, become a business of yours—well, I can't think of any just now, and I wouldn't, you know, if I could!"

"I can promise you then that there's none of mine," Mitchy declared, "that hasn't made, by the same token, quite the same shift. Keep it well before you, please, that if ever a young woman had a grave lookout—"

"What do you mean," she interrupted, "by a grave lookout?"

"Well, the certainty of finding herself saddled for all time to come with the affairs of a gentleman whom she can never get rid of on the specious plea that he's only her husband or her lover or her father or her son or her brother or her uncle or her cousin. There, as none of these characters, he just stands."

"Yes," Nanda kindly mused, "he's simply her Mitchy."

"Precisely. And a Mitchy, you see, is—what do you call it?—simply indissoluble. He's moreover inordinately inquisitive. He goes to the length of wondering whether Van also learned that you were expecting *me.*"

"Oh yes—I told him everything."

Mitchy smiled. "Everything?"

"I told him—I told him," she replied with impatience.

Mitchy hesitated. "And did he then leave me also a message?"

"No, nothing. What I'm to do for him with Mr. Longdon," she immediately explained, "is to make practically a kind of apology."

"Ah, and for me"—Mitchy quickly took it up—"there can be no question of anything of that kind. I see. He has done me no wrong."

Nanda, with her eyes now on the window, turned it over. "I don't much think he would know even if I had."

"I see, I see. And we wouldn't tell him."

She turned with some abruptness from the outer view. "We wouldn't tell him. But he was beautiful all round," she went on. "No one could have been nicer about having for so long, for instance, come so little to the house. As if he hadn't only too many other things to do! He didn't even make them out nearly the hinderances he might. But fancy, with his important duties—all the great affairs on his hands—our making vulgar little rows about being 'neglected'! He actually made so little of what he might easily plead—speaking so, I mean, as if he were all in the wrong—that one had almost, positively, to *show* him his excuses. As if"—she really kept it up—"he hasn't plenty!"

"It's only people like me," Mitchy threw out, "who have none?"

"Yes—people like you. People of no use, of no occupation and no importance. Like you, you know," she pursued, "there are so many." Then it was with no transition of tone that she added: "If you're bad, Mitchy, I won't tell you anything."

"And if I'm good what will you tell me? What I want really most to *know* is why he should be, as you said just now, 'apologetic' to Mr. Longdon? What's the wrong he allows he has done *him?*"

"Oh, he has 'neglected' him—if that's any comfort to us—quite as much."

"Hasn't looked him up, and that sort of thing?"

"Yes—and he mentioned some other matter."

Mitchy wondered. "Mentioned it?"

"In which," said Nanda, "he hasn't pleased him."

Mitchy, after an instant, risked it. "But what other matter?"

"Oh, he says that when I speak to him, Mr. Longdon will know."

Mitchy gravely took this in. "And shall you speak to him?"

"For Mr. Van?" How, she seemed to ask, could he doubt it? "Why, the very first thing."

"And then will Mr. Longdon tell you?"

"What Mr. Van means?" Nanda thought. "Well—I hope not."

Mitchy followed it up. "You 'hope'—?"

"Why, if it's anything that could possibly make any one like him any less. I mean I sha'n't in that case in the least want to hear it."

Mitchy looked as if he could understand that and yet could also imagine something of a conflict. "But if Mr. Longdon insists—?"

"On making me know? I sha'n't let him insist. Would *you?*" she put to him.

"Oh, I'm not in question!"

"Yes, you are!" she quite rang out.

"Ah—!" Mitchy laughed. After which he added: "Well then, I might overbear you."

"No, you mightn't," she as positively declared again, "and you wouldn't at any rate desire to."

This he finally showed he could take from her—showed it in the silence in which, for a minute, their eyes met; then showed it perhaps even more in his deep exclamation: "You're complete!"

For such a proposition as well she had the same detached sense. "I don't think I am in anything but the wish to keep *you* so."

"Well—keep me, keep me! It strikes me that I'm not at all now on a footing, you know, of keeping myself. I quite give you notice in fact," Mitchy went on, "that I'm going to come to you henceforth for everything. But you're too wonderful," he wound up as she at first said nothing to this. "I don't even frighten you."

"Yes—fortunately for you."

"Ah, but I distinctly warn you that I mean to do my very best for it!"

Nanda viewed it all with as near an approach to gayety as she often achieved. "Well, if you should ever succeed it would be a dark day for you."

"You bristle with your own guns," he pursued, "but the ingenuity of a lifetime shall be devoted to taking you on some quarter on which you're not prepared."

"And what quarter, pray, will that be?"

"Ah, I'm not such a fool as to begin by giving you a cue!" Mitchy, on this, turned off with an ambiguous but unmistakably natural sigh; he looked at photographs, he took up a book or two, as Vanderbank had done, and for a couple of minutes there was silence between them. "What does stretch before me," he resumed after an interval during which, clearly, in spite of his movements, he had looked at nothing—"what does stretch before me is the happy prospect of my feeling that I have found in you a friend with whom, so utterly and unreservedly, I can always go to the bottom of things. This luxury, you see, now, of our freedom to look facts in the face is one of which, I promise you, I mean fully to avail myself." He stopped before her again, and again she was silent. "It's so awfully jolly, isn't it? that there's not at last a single thing that we can't take our ease about. I mean that we can't intelligibly name and comfortably challenge. We've worked through the long tunnel of artificial reserves and superstitious mysteries, and I at least shall have only to feel that in showing every confidence and dotting every 'i' I follow the example you so admirably set. You go down to the roots? Good. It's all I ask!"

He had dropped into a chair as he talked, and so long as she remained in her own they were confronted; but she presently got up and, the next moment, while he kept his place, was busy restoring order to the objects that both her visitors had disarranged. "If you weren't delightful you'd be dreadful!"

"There we are! I could easily, in other words, frighten you if I would."

She took no notice of the remark, only, after a few more scattered touches, producing an observation of her own. "He's going, all the same, Mr. Van, to be charming to mother. We've settled that."

"Ah, then he *can* make time—?"

She hesitated. "For as much as *that*—yes. For as much, I mean, as may sufficiently show her that he has not given up. So don't you recognize how much more time *you* can make?"

"Ah—see precisely—there we are again!" Mitchy promptly ejaculated.

Yet he had gone, it seemed, further than she followed. "But where—?"

"Why, as I say, at the roots and in the depths of things."

"Oh!" She dropped to an indifference that was but part of her general patience for all his irony.

"It's needless to go into the question of not giving your mother up. One simply *doesn't* give her up. One can't. There she is."

"That's exactly what *he* says. There she is."

"Ah, but I don't want to say nothing but what 'he' says!" Mitchy laughed. "He can't at all events have mentioned to you any such link as the one that in my case is now almost the most sensible. *I've* got a wife, you know."

"Oh, Mitchy!" the girl protestingly, though vaguely, murmured.

"And my wife—did you know it?" Mitchy went on, "is positively getting thick with your mother. Of course it isn't new to you that she's wonderful for wives. Now

that our marriage is an accomplished fact she takes the greatest interest in it—or bids fair to, if her attention can only be thoroughly secured—and more particularly in what, I believe, is generally called our peculiar situation: for it appears, you know, that we're, in the most conspicuous manner possible, *in* a peculiar situation. Aggie is therefore already, and is likely to be still more, in what's universally recognized as your mother's regular line. Your mother will attract her, study her, finally 'understand' her. In fact, she'll help her, as she has helped so many before, and will help so many still to come. With Aggie thus as a satellite and a frequenter—in a degree in which she never yet *has* been," he continued, "what will the whole thing be but a practical multiplication of our points of contact? You may remind me of Mrs. Brook's contention that if she did in her time keep something of a saloon, the saloon is now, in consequence of events, but a collection of fortuitous atoms; but that, my dear Nanda, will become, none the less, to your clearer sense, but a pious echo of her momentary modesty or—call it at the worst—her momentary despair. The generations will come and go, and the *personnel*, as the newspapers say, of the saloon will shift and change, but the institution itself, as resting on a deep human need, has a long course yet to run and a good work yet to do. *We* sha'n't last, but your mother will, and as Aggie is happily very young she's therefore provided for, in the time to come, on a scale sufficiently considerable to leave us just now at peace. Meanwhile, as you're almost as good for husbands as Mrs. Brook is for wives, why aren't we, as a couple, we Mitchys, quite ideally arranged for, and why mayn't I speak to you of my future as sufficiently guaranteed? The only appreciable shadow I make out comes, for me, from the question of what may to-day be between you and Mr. Longdon. Do I understand," Mitchy asked, "that he's presently to arrive for an answer to something he has put to you?"

Nanda looked at him a while with a sort of solemnity of tenderness, and her voice, when she at last spoke, trembled with a feeling that clearly had grown in her as she listened to the string of whimsicalities, bitter and sweet, that he had just unrolled. "You're wild," she said simply—"you're wild."

He wonderfully glared. "Am I then already frightening you?" He shook his head rather sadly. "I'm not in the least trying yet. There's something," he added after an instant, "that I do want too awfully to ask you."

"Well, then—!" If she had not eagerness she had at least charity.

"Oh, but you see I reflect that though you show all the courage to go to the roots and depths with *me*, I'm not—I never have been—fully conscious of the nerve for doing as much with you. It's a question," Mitchy explained, "of how much—of a particular matter—you know."

She continued ever so kindly to face him. "Hasn't it come out all round now that I know everything?"

Her reply, in this form, took a minute or two to operate, but when it began to do so it fairly diffused a light. Mitchy's face turned of a color that might have been produced by her holding close to it some lantern wonderfully glazed. "You know, you know!" he then rang out.

"Of course I know."

"You know, you know!" Mitchy repeated.

"Everything," she imperturbably went on, "but what you're talking about."

He was silent a little, with his eyes on her. "May I kiss your hand?"

"No," she answered: "that's what I call wild."

He had risen with his inquiry, and after her reply he remained a moment on the spot. "See—I've frightened you. It proves as easy as that. But I only wanted to show you and to be sure for myself. Now that I've the mental certitude I shall never wish otherwise to use it." He turned away to begin again one of his absorbed revolutions. "Mr. Longdon has asked you this time for a grand public adhesion, and what he turns up for now is to receive your ultimatum? A final, irrevocable flight with him is the line he advises, and he'll be ready for it on the spot with the post-chaise and the pistols?"

The image appeared really to have for Nanda a certain vividness, and she looked at it a space without a hint of a smile. "We sha'n't need any pistols, whatever may be decided about the post-chaise; and any flight we may undertake together will need no cover of secrecy or night. Mother, as I've told you—"

"Won't fling herself across your reckless path? I remember," said Mitchy—"you alluded to her magnificent resignation. But father?" he oddly inquired.

Nanda thought for this a moment longer. "Well, Mr. Longdon has—off in the country—a good deal of shooting."

"So that Edward can sometimes come down with his old gun? Good then too—if it isn't, as he takes you by the way, to shoot *you*. You've got it all shipshape and arranged, in other words, and have only, if the fancy does move you, to clear out. You clear out—you make all sorts of room. It *is* interesting," Mitchy exclaimed, "arriving thus with you at the depths! I look all round and see every one squared and every one but one or two suited. Why then reflection and delay?"

"You don't, dear Mr. Mitchy," Nanda took her time to return, "know nearly as much as you think."

"But isn't my question absolutely a confession of ignorance and a renunciation of thought? I put myself from this moment forth with you," Mitchy declared, "on the footing of knowing nothing whatever and of receiving literally from your hands all information and all life. Let my continued attitude of inquiry, my dear Nanda, show it. Any hesitation you may yet feel, you imply, proceeds from a sense of duties in London not to be lightly renounced? Oh," he thoughtfully said, "I do at least know you *have* them."

She watched him with the same mildness while he vaguely circled about. "You're wild, you're wild," she insisted. "But it doesn't in the least matter. I sha'n't abandon you."

He stopped short. "Ah, that's what I wanted from you in so many clear-cut golden words—though I won't in the least of course pretend that I've felt I literally need it. I don't literally need the big turquoise in my neck-tie; which incidentally means, by-the-way, that if you should admire it you're quite welcome to it. Such words—that's my point—are like such jewels: the pride, you see, of one's heart. They're mere vanity, but they help along. You've got of course always poor Tishy," he continued.

"Will you leave it all to *me?*" Nanda said as if she had not heard him.

"And then you've got poor Carrie," he went on, "though *her* of course you rather divide with your mother."

"Will you leave it all to *me?*" the girl repeated.

"To say nothing of poor Cashmore," he pursued, "whom you take *all*, I believe, yourself?"

"Will you leave it all to *me?*" she once more repeated.

This time he pulled up, suddenly and expressively wondering. "Are you going to do anything about it at present?—I mean with our friend?"

She appeared to have a scruple of saying, but at last she produced it. "Yes—he doesn't mind now."

Mitchy again laughed out. "You *are*, as a family—!" But he had already checked himself. "Mr. Longdon will at any rate, you imply, be somehow interested—"

"In *my* interests? Of course—since he has gone so far. You expressed surprise at my wanting to wait and think; but how can I not wait and not think when so much depends on the question—now so definite—of how much further he *will* go?"

"I see," said Mitchy, profoundly impressed. "And how much does that depend on?"

She had to reflect. "On how much further I, for my part, *must*."

Mitchy's grasp was already complete. "And he's coming then to learn from you how far this is?"

"Yes—very much."

Mitchy looked about for his hat. "So that of course I see my time's about up, as you'll want to be quite alone together."

Nanda glanced at the clock. "Oh, you've a margin yet."

"But you don't want an interval for your thinking—?"

"Now that I've seen you?" Nanda was already very obviously thoughtful.

"I mean if you've an important decision to take."

"Well," she returned, "seeing you *has* helped me."

"Ah, but at the same time worried you. Therefore—!" And he picked up his umbrella.

Her eyes rested on its curious handle. "If you cling to your idea that I'm frightened you'll be disappointed. It will never be given you to reassure me."

"You mean by that that I am primarily so solid—"

"Yes, that till I see you yourself afraid—"

"Well?"

"Well, I won't admit that anything isn't exactly what I was prepared for."

Mitchy looked with interest into his hat. "Then what is it I'm to 'leave' to you?" After which, as she turned away from him with a suppressed sound and said, while he watched her, nothing else, "It's no doubt natural for you to talk," he went on, "but I do make you nervous. Good-by—good-by."

She had stayed him, however, by a fresh movement, as he reached the door. "Aggie's only trying to find out—"

"Yes—what?" he asked, waiting.

"Why, what sort of a person she is. How can she ever have known? It was carefully, elaborately hidden from her—kept so obscure that she could make out nothing. She isn't now like *me*."

He wonderingly attended. "Like you?"

"Why, I get the benefit of the fact that there was never a time when I didn't know *something* or other and that I became more and more aware, as I grew older, of a hundred little chinks of daylight."

Mitchy stared. "You're stupendous, my dear!" he murmured.

Ah, but she kept it up. "*I* had my idea about Aggie."

"Oh, don't I know you had? And how you were positive about the sort of person—"

"That she didn't even suspect herself," Nanda broke in, "to be? I'm equally positive now. It's quite what I believed, only there's ever so much more of it. More *has* come—and more will yet. You see, when there has been nothing before, it all has to come with a rush. So that if even I am surprised, of course *she* is."

"And of course *I* am!" Mitchy's interest, though even now not wholly unqualified with amusement, had visibly deepened. "You admit then," he continued, "that you *are* surprised."

Nanda just hesitated. "At the mere scale of it. I think it's splendid. The only person whose astonishment I don't quite understand," she added, "is Cousin Jane."

"Oh, Cousin Jane's astonishment serves her right!"

"If she held so," Nanda pursued, "that marriage should do everything—"

"She shouldn't be in such a funk at finding what it *is* doing? Oh no, she's the last one!" Mitchy declared. "I vow I enjoy her scare."

"But it's very bad, you know," said Nanda.

"Oh, too awful!"

"Well, of course," the girl appeared assentingly to muse, "she couldn't after all have dreamed—!" But she took herself up. "The great thing is to be helpful."

"And in what way—?" Mitchy asked with his wonderful air of inviting competitive suggestions.

"Toward Aggie's finding herself. Do you think," she immediately continued, "that Lord Petherton really is?"

Mitchy frankly considered. "Helpful? Oh, he does his best, I gather. Yes," he presently added—"Petherton's all right."

"It's you yourself, naturally," his companion threw off, "who can help most."

"Certainly, and I'm doing my best too. So that with such good assistance"—he seemed at last to have taken it all from her—"what is it, I again ask, that, as you request, I'm to leave to you?"

Nanda required, while he still waited, some time to reply. "To keep my promise."

"Your promise?"

"Not to abandon you."

"Ah," cried Mitchy, "that's better!"

"Then good-by!" she said.

"Good-by." But he came a few steps forward. "I *mayn't* kiss your hand?"

"Never."

"Never?"

"Never."

"Oh!" he oddly sounded as he quickly went out.

XXXVIII.

The interval he had represented as likely to be useful to her was in fact, however, not a little abbreviated by a punctuality of arrival on Mr. Longdon's part so extreme as to lead, the first thing, to a word almost of apology.

"You can't say," her new visitor immediately began, "that I haven't left you alone, these many days, as much as I promised on coming up to you that afternoon when, after my return to town, I found Mr. Mitchett, instead of your mother, awaiting me in the drawing-room."

"Yes," said Nanda, "you've really done quite as I asked you."

"Well," he returned, "I felt half an hour ago that, near as I was to relief, I could keep it up no longer; so that, though I knew it would bring me much too soon, I started at six sharp for our trysting-place."

"And I've no tea, after all, to reward you!" It was but now, clearly, that she observed it. "They must have removed the things without my noticing."

Her old friend looked at her with some intensity. "Were you in the room?"

"Yes—but I didn't see the man come in."

"What then were you doing?"

Nanda thought; her smile was, as usual, the faintest discernible outward sign. "Thinking of *you*."

"So tremendously hard?"

"Well, of other things too and of other persons. Of everything, really, that in our last talk I told you, you know, it seemed to me best I should have out with myself before meeting you for what I suppose you've now in mind."

Mr. Longdon had kept his eyes on her, but at this he turned away; not, however, as an alternative, embracing her material situation with the embarrassed optimism of Vanderbank or the mitigated gloom of Mitchy. "Ah"—he took her up with some dryness—"you've been having things out with yourself?" But he went on before she answered: "I don't want any tea, thank you. I found myself, after five, in such a fidget that I went three times in the course of the hour to my club, where I have the impression that I each time had it. I dare say it wasn't there, though, that I did have it," he after an instant pursued, "for I've somehow a confused image of a shop in Oxford Street—or was it rather in Regent?—into which I gloomily wandered to beguile the moments with a liquid that if I strike you as upset I beg you to set it all down to. Do you know in fact what I've been doing for the last ten minutes? Roaming hither and thither in your beautiful Crescent till I could venture to come in."

"Then did you see Mitchy go out? But no, you wouldn't"—Nanda corrected herself. "He has been gone longer than that."

Her visitor had dropped upon a sofa where, propped by the back, he sat rather upright, his glasses on his nose, his hands in his pockets and his elbows much turned out. "Mitchy left you more than ten minutes ago, and yet your state on his departure remains such that there could be a bustle of servants in the room without your being aware? Kindly give me some light then on the condition into which he has plunged you."

She hovered before him with her obscure smile. "You see it for yourself."

He shook his head with decision. "I don't see anything for myself, and I beg you to understand that it's not what I've come here to-day to do. Anything I may yet see which I don't already see will be only, I warn you, so far as you shall make it very clear. There—you've work cut out. And is it with Mr. Mitchett, may I ask, that you've been, as you mention, cutting it?"

Nanda looked about her as if weighing many things; after which her eyes came back to him. "Do you mind if I don't sit down?"

"I don't mind if you stand on your head—at the pass we've come to."

"I shall not try your patience," the girl good-humoredly replied, "so far as that. I only want you not to be worried if I walk about a little."

Mr. Longdon, without a movement, kept his posture. "Oh, I can't oblige you there. I *shall* be worried. I've come on purpose to be worried, and the more I surrender myself to the rack the more, I seem to feel, we shall have threshed our business out. So you may dance, if you like, on the absolutely passive thing you've made of me."

"Well, what I *have* had from Mitchy," she cheerfully responded, "is practically a lesson in dancing; by which I perhaps mean rather a lesson in sitting, myself, as I want you to do while *I* talk, as still as a mouse. They take," she declared, "while *they* talk, an amount of exercise!"

"They?" Mr. Longdon wondered. "Was his wife with him?"

"Dear no—he and Mr. Van."

"Was Mr. Van with him?"

"Oh no—before, alone. All over the place."

Mr. Longdon had a pause so rich in inquiry that when he at last spoke his question was itself like an answer. "Mr. Van has been to see you?"

"Yes. I wrote and asked him."

"Oh!" said Mr. Longdon.

"But don't get up." She raised her hand. "Don't!"

"Why should I?" He had never budged.

"He was most kind; staid half an hour and, when I told him you were coming, left a good message for you."

Mr. Longdon appeared to wait for this tribute, which was not immediately produced. "What do you call a 'good' message?"

"I'm to make it all right with you."

"To make what?"

"Why, that he has not, for so long, been to see you or written to you. That he has seemed to neglect you."

Nanda's visitor looked so far about as to take the neighborhood in general into the confidence of his surprise. "To neglect *me?*"

"Well, others too, I believe—with whom we're not concerned. He has been so taken up. But you above all."

Mr. Longdon showed, on this, a coldness that somehow spoke for itself as the greatest with which he had ever in his life met an act of reparation, and that was infinitely confirmed by his sustained immobility. "But of what have I complained?"

"Oh, I don't think he fancies you've complained."

"And how could he have come to see me," he continued, "when for so many months past I've been so little in town?"

He was not more ready with objections, however, than his companion had by this time become with answers. "He must have been thinking of the time of your present stay. He said he hadn't seen you."

"He has quite sufficiently tried—he has left cards," Mr. Longdon returned. "What more does he want?"

Nanda looked at him with her long, grave straightness, which had often a play of light beyond any smile. "Oh, you know, he does want more."

"Then it was open to him—"

"So he so strongly feels"—she quickly took him up—"that you must have felt. And therefore it is that I speak for him."

"Don't!" said Mr. Longdon.

"But I promised him I would."

"Don't!" the old man repeated.

She had kept, for the time, all her fine clearness turned to him; but she might on this have been taken as giving him up with a movement of obedience and a strange soft sigh. The smothered sound might even have represented to a listener at all initiated a consenting retreat before an effort greater than her reckoning—a retreat that was in so far the snap of a sharp tension. The next minute, none the less, she evidently found a fresh provocation in the sight of the pale and positively excessive rigor she had imposed, so that, though her friend was only accommodating himself to her wish, she had a sudden impulse of criticism. "You're proud about it—too proud!"

"Well, what if I am?" He looked at her with a complexity of communication that no words could have meddled with. "Pride's all right when it helps one to bear things."

"Ah," said Nanda, "but that's only when one wants to take least from them. When one wants to take most—"

"Well?"—he spoke, as she faltered, with a certain small hardness of interest.

She faltered, however, indeed. "Oh, I don't know how to say it." She fairly colored with the attempt. "One must let the sense of all that I speak of—well, all come. One must rather like it. I don't know—but I suppose one must rather grovel."

Mr. Longdon, though with visible reluctance, turned it over. "That's very fine—but you're a woman."

"Yes—that must make a difference. But being a woman, in such a case, has then," Nanda went on, "its advantages."

On this point perhaps her friend might presently have been taken as relaxing. "It strikes me that even at that, the advantages are mainly for others. I'm glad, God knows, that you're not also a young man."

"Then we're suited all round."

She had spoken with a promptitude that appeared again to act on him slightly as an irritant, for he met it—with more delay—by a long, derisive murmur. "Oh, *my* pride—!" But this she in no manner took up; so that he was left for a little to his thoughts. "That's what you were plotting when you told me the other day that you wanted time?"

"Ah, I wasn't plotting—though I was, I confess, trying to work things out. That particular idea of simply asking Mr. Van, by letter, to present himself—that particular flight of fancy hadn't in fact then at all occurred to me."

"It never occurred, I'm bound to say, to *me*," said Mr. Longdon. "I've never thought of writing to him."

"Very good. But you haven't the reasons. I wanted to attack him."

"Not about me, I hope to God!" Mr. Longdon, distinctly a little paler, rejoined.

"Don't be afraid. I think I had an instinct of how you would have taken *that*. It was about mother."

"Oh!" said her visitor.

"He has been worse to her than to you," she continued. "But he'll make it all right."

Mr. Longdon's attention retained its grimness. "If he has such a remedy for the more then, what has he for the less?"

Nanda, however, was but for an instant checked. "Oh, it's I who make it up to *you*. To mother, you see, there's no one, otherwise, to make it up."

This at first, unmistakably, sounded to him too complicated for acceptance. But his face changed as light dawned. "That puts it then that you *will* come?"

"I'll come if you'll take me as I am—which is, more than I've ever done before, what I must previously explain to you. But what *he* means by what you call his remedy is my making you feel better about himself."

The old man gazed at her. "'Your' doing it is too beautiful! And he could really come to you for the purpose of asking you?"

"Oh no," said the girl briskly, "he came simply for the purpose of doing what he *had* to do. After my letter how could he not come? Then he met most kindly what I said to him for mother and what he quite understood to be all my business with him; so that his appeal to me to plead with you for—well, for his credit—was only thrown in because he had so good a chance."

This speech brought Mr. Longdon abruptly to his feet, but before she could warn him again of the patience she continued to need he had already, as if what she evoked for him left him too stupefied, dropped back into submission. "The man stood there for you to render him a service?—for you to help him and praise him?"

"Ah, but it wasn't to go out of my way, don't you see? He knew you were presently to be here." Her anxiety that he should understand gave her a rare, strained smile.

"I mustn't make—as a request from him—too much of it, and I've not a doubt that, rather than you should think any ill of him for wishing me to say a word, he would gladly be left with whatever bad appearance he may actually happen to have." She pulled up on these words as if with a quick sense of their really, by their mere sound, putting her in deeper; and could only give her friend one of the looks that expressed: "If I could trust you not to assent even more than I want, I should say 'You know what I mean!'" She allowed him, at all events—or tried to allow him—no time for uttered irony before going on: "He was everything you could have wished; quite as beautiful about *you*—"

"As about you?"—Mr. Longdon took her up.

She demurred. "As about mother." With which she turned away as if it handsomely settled the question.

But it only left him, as she went to the window, sitting there sombre. "I like, you know," he brought out as his eyes followed her, "your saying you're not proud! Thank God you *are*, my dear. Yes—it's better for us."

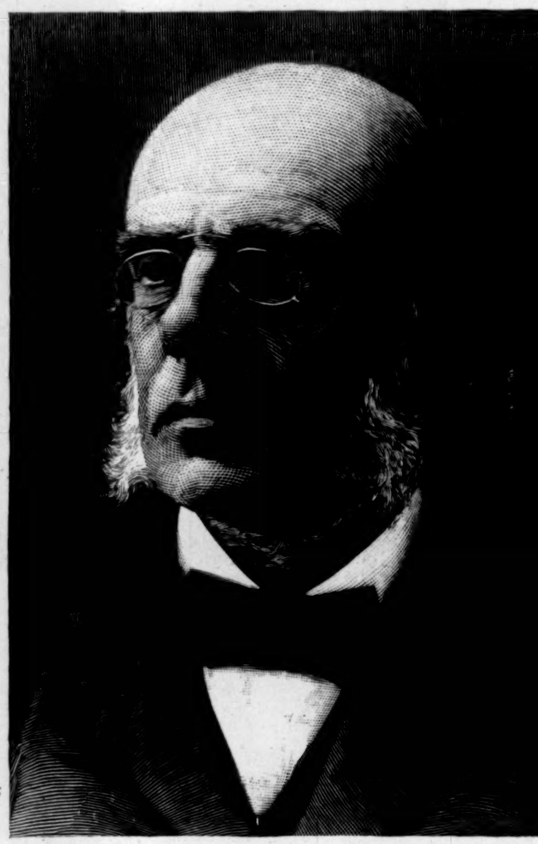
At this, after a moment, in her place, she turned round to him. "I'm glad I'm anything—whatever you may call it and though I can't call it the same—that's good for *you*."

He said nothing more for a little, as if, by such a speech, something in him were simplified and softened. "It would be good for me—by which I mean it would be easier for me—if you didn't quite so immensely care for him."

"Oh!" came from Nanda with an accent of attenuation at once so precipitate and so vague that it only made her attitude at first rather awkward. "Oh!" she immediately repeated, but with an increase of the same effect. After which, conscious, she made, as if to save herself, a quick addition. "Dear Mr. Longdon, isn't it rather yourself most—?"

"It would be easier for me," he went on heedless, "if you didn't, my poor child, so wonderfully love him."

"Ah, but I don't—please believe me when I assure you I *don't!*" she broke out. It burst from her, flaring up, in a queer quaver that ended in something queerer still—in her abrupt collapse, on the spot, into the nearest chair, where she choked with a torrent of tears. Her buried face could only, after a moment, give way to the flood, and she sobbed with a passion as sharp and brief as the flurry of a wild thing for an instant uncaged; her old friend meantime keeping his place in the silence broken by her sound and distantly—across the room—closing his eyes to his helplessness and her shame. Thus they sat together while their trouble both conjoined and divided them. She recovered herself, however, with an effort worthy of her fall, and was on her feet again as she stammeringly spoke and angrily brushed at her eyes. "What difference in the world does it make—what difference ever?" Then, clearly, even with the words, her checked tears suffered her to see that it made the difference that he too had been crying; so that "I don't know why you mind!" she, on this, with extravagance, wailed.



PRESIDENT DWIGHT, OF YALE UNIVERSITY.

"You don't know what I would have done for him. You don't know, you don't know!" he repeated—while she looked as if she naturally couldn't—as with a renewal of his dream of beneficence and of the soreness of his personal wound.

"Well, but *he* does you justice—he knows. So it shows, so it shows—!"

But in this direction too, unable to say what it showed, she had again broken down, and again could only hold herself and let her companion sit there. "Ah, Nanda, Nanda!" he deeply murmured; and the depth of the pity was, vainly and blindly, as the depth of a reproach.

"It's I—it's I, therefore," she said as if she must then so look at it with him; "it's I who am the horrible impossible and who have covered everything else with my own impossibility. For some different person you *could* have done what you speak of, and for some different person you can do it still."

He stared at her with his barren sorrow. "A person different from him?"

"A person different from *me*."

"And what interest have I in any such person?"

"But your interest in me—you see well enough where *that* lands us."

Mr. Longdon now got to his feet and somewhat stiffly remained; after which, for all answer, "You say you *will* come then?" he asked. Then as—seemingly with her last thought—she kept silent: "You understand clearly, I take it, that this time it's never again to leave me—or to *be* left."

"I understand," she presently replied. "Never again. That," she continued, "is why I asked you for these days."

"Well then, since you've taken them—"

"Ah, but have *you?*" said Nanda. They were close to each other now, and with a tenderness of warning that was helped by their almost equal stature she laid her hand upon his shoulder. "What I did more than anything else write to him for," she had now regained her clearness enough to explain, "was that—with whatever idea you had—you should see for yourself how he could come and go."

"And what good was that to do me? *Hadn't* I seen for myself?"

"Well—you've seen once more. Here he was. I didn't care what he thought. Here I brought him. And his reasons remain."

She kept her eyes on her companion's face, but his own, now and afterwards, seemed to wander far. "What do I care for his reasons so long as they're not mine?"

She thought an instant, still holding him gently and as if for successful argument. "But perhaps you don't altogether understand them."

"And why the devil, altogether, *should* I?"

"Ah, because you distinctly want to," said Nanda, ever so kindly. "You've admitted as much when we've talked—"

"Oh, but when *have* we talked?" he sharply interrupted.

This time he had challenged her so straight that it was her own look that strayed. "When?"

"When."

She hesitated. "When *haven't* we?"

"Well, *you* may have: if that's what you call talking—never saying a word. But I haven't. I've only to do, at any rate, in the way of reasons, with my own."

"And yours too then remain? Because, you know," the girl pursued, "I *am* like that."

"Like what?"

"Like what he thinks." Then so gravely that it was almost a supplication, "Don't tell me," she added, "that you don't *know* what he thinks. You do know."

Their eyes, on that strange ground, could meet at last, and the effect of it was presently for Mr. Longdon. "I do know."

"Well?"

"Well!" He raised his hands and took her face, which he drew so close to his own that, as she gently let him, he could kiss her with solemnity on the forehead. "Come!" he then very firmly said—quite indeed as if it were a question of their moving on the spot.

It literally made her smile, which, with a certain compunction, she immediately corrected by doing for him, in the pressure of her lips to his cheek, what he had just done for herself. "To-day?" she more seriously asked.

He looked at his watch. "To-morrow."

She paused, but clearly for assent. "That's what I mean by your taking me as I am. It *is*, you know, for a girl—extraordinary."

"Oh, I know what it is!" he exclaimed with an odd weariness in his tenderness.

But she continued, with the shadow of her scruple, to explain. "We're many of us, we're most of us—as you long ago saw and showed you felt—extraordinary now. We can't help it. It isn't really our fault. There's so much else that's extraordinary that if we're in it all so much *we* must naturally be." It was all obviously clearer to her than it had ever been, and her sense of it found renewed expression; so that she might have been, as she wound up, a very much older person than her friend. "Everything's different from what it used to be."

"Yes, everything," he returned with an air of final indoctrination. "That's what he ought to have recognized."

"As *you* have?" Nanda was once more—and completely now—enthroned in high justice. "Oh, he's more old-fashioned than you."

"Much more," said Mr. Longdon with a queer face.

"He tried," the girl went on—"he did his best. But he couldn't. And he's so right—for himself."

Her visitor, before meeting this, gathered in his hat and stick, which for a minute occupied his attention. "He ought to have married—"

"Little Aggie? Yes," said Nanda.

They had gained the door, where Mr. Longdon again met her eyes. "And then Mitchy—"

But she checked him with a quick gesture. "No—not even then!"

So again, before he went, they were for a minute confronted. "Are you anxious about Mitchy?"

She faltered, but at last brought it out. "Yes. Do you see? There I am."

"I see. There we are. Well," said Mr. Longdon—"to-morrow."

THE END.

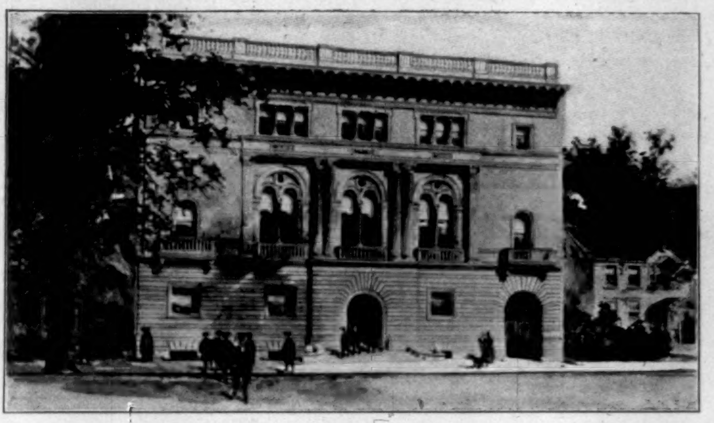
Yale's President

I.

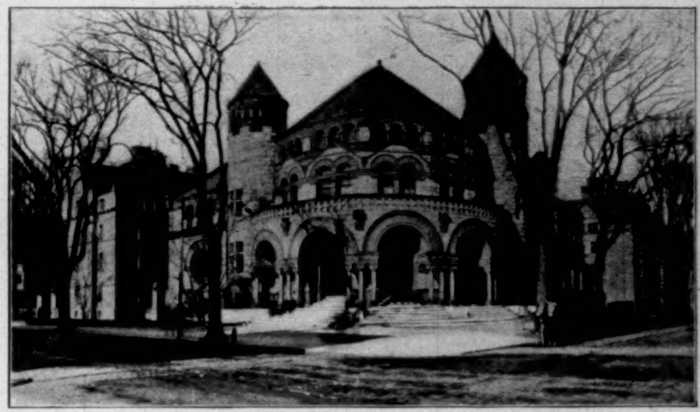
ONE has to get altogether outside of his own university in order to justly appreciate it. One must have adjusted himself to the comparatively haphazard conditions prevailing in "the world" to which undergraduates so often refer, to which they constantly look forward, and for which they are in training. Then one must go back. But melancholy and sentiment are out of fashion; and so the visitor must cheerily forget himself, lest his mind should form a reproachful suggestion now and then, as though Alma Mater were saying to him something wonderfully like Tennyson's—

> Having known *me*, to decline
> On a range of lower feelings....

This is not by any means just my individual echo of a common and trite old observation. It is the outcome of



LAW-SCHOOL—FRONT VIEW.



OSBORN HALL.

a vivid bit of actual experience, which showed that certain college ideals at least are as important as they are admirable.

A few weeks ago it was reported that President Dwight of Yale had resigned his position, the resignation to take effect at the close of the present academic year. I went up to New Haven to see him and some of the leading men in the various departments of the university, and it so happened that an officer of the regular army, not a university man, went with me. Colonel R. had never visited Yale; I had not been there for a long time; we should have been rank outsiders in a less hospitable place. In a word, the conditions were uncommonly well suited to appreciation. We paid some of our calls together, and the colonel's impressions as well as my own enter into the comments I have to make.

Dr. Dwight's letter of November 17 to the corporation of the university began with the statement: "It has been my conviction for many years that it is desirable—alike with reference to his own happiness in the later, less active, and more restful period of his life, and as related to the highest interests of the institution—that a person who is placed in the chief administrative office in a large university like ours should not continue in that position beyond the age of seventy. In accordance with this conviction I have had the purpose ever since I entered upon the presidency to offer my resignation at the time when I should myself reach that age. As that time has just now arrived, I make known to you my desire to withdraw...." But the two visitors from New York found it difficult to believe that the man whose face, especially in profile, was like Gladstone's at seventy, could insist that seventy was the age of withdrawal. There had been years of such splendid activity for Gladstone after threescore and ten! One of us thought to approach the subject rather diplomatically, speaking of the desire of the corporation and the faculty that the president should reconsider his decision.

"But," said President Dwight, "I *have* resigned."

II.

It did not seem to be at all a question of the man's ability to continue his work successfully; it seemed to be the president's view of an *average* president's ability, and of the normal limit of usefulness. His own vigor was exceptional; but, if he should not withdraw, future incumbents of the office might also serve beyond the age of seventy. A false precedent would be established; or, rather, a wise example would not be set. In the long-run the university would enjoy greater prosperity if each succeeding president should accept the view expressed in the letter which I have just cited. The life of a university is a continuous development, not merely from year to year, but from generation to generation and from century to century; and, as a rule, it is easier for young men to look forward hopefully while making far-reaching plans.

"The special duty pertaining to the central office of administration in a great university," Dr. Dwight has written in official papers which he gave me, "is to take a comprehensive survey of its present life, its needed development, its future possibilities, and the method and means of securing the fulfilment of what is desired. This central office must, accordingly, be a place of large outlook and a place for well-considered and wide-extending plans.... The work would be a less grand one, and one having in itself less of inspiration, if it did not reach out in its aim and purpose beyond the immediate present or the early future.... The single years, it must be remembered, can count but little, because of the greatness of the work." And thus it is always with him: the future, the greater future, is his inspiring theme, which his own courage chose long ago, and which has made everything possible. And more than any other characteristic, I think it is this one which distinguished the man.

Professor Andrew W. Phillips, dean of the Graduate Department, has written me: "The key-note to President Dwight's administration has been the evolution of the university from the college. He has strengthened

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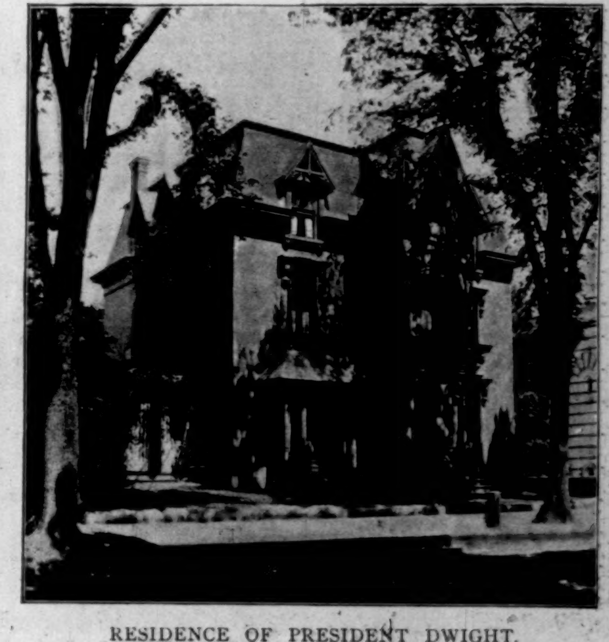

RESIDENCE OF PRESIDENT DWIGHT.

PROSPECTUS

HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR WITH SPAIN

WITH INTRODUCTION

BY NELSON A. MILES, MAJOR-GENERAL COMMANDING THE U. S. ARMY

Sold Only by Subscription

THE publication of HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR met with UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS; and yet, notwithstanding the STUPENDOUS SALE of that work, it is even MORE HIGHLY PRIZED to-day by subscribers THAN WHEN it was FIRST ISSUED, more than THIRTY YEARS AGO. The PERMANENT VALUE of VIVID PEN AND PENCIL SKETCHES, made on the field by special artists and war correspondents, CANNOT BE OVER-ESTIMATED.

As soon as war with Spain was declared, SPECIAL ARTISTS and CORRESPONDENTS were ENGAGED to go to the front with each division of the army and each squadron of the navy, TO RECORD AND ILLUSTRATE graphically the TRAGIC EVENTS of the war. The HIGH CHARACTER of these artists and correspondents, the LONG VOYAGES they were compelled to make, and the PRIVATION and DANGER to which they WERE EXPOSED enabled them TO COMMAND ENORMOUS SALARIES. However, this EXPENSE has been CHEERFULLY BORNE, in the firm belief that the READING PUBLIC will FULLY APPRECIATE the value of an ACCURATE and AUTHENTIC HISTORY of the war, in which every INCIDENT OF NOTE has been FAITHFULLY ILLUSTRATED by distinguished artists.

COLORED LITHOGRAPHS, DRAWINGS, AND ENGRAVINGS

The great ART DEPARTMENT of the publishers has been TAXED TO ITS UTMOST, and two OTHER LARGE ART ESTABLISHMENTS have been EMPLOYED to prepare the illustrations in this GREAT WORK. The war was carried on almost WHOLLY WITHIN THE TROPICS, and so RICH and VARIED is the COLOR of the FOLIAGE, the ATMOSPHERE and WATER of this WONDERFUL COUNTRY, that many COLORED LITHOGRAPHS will be introduced into the history in order MORE VIVIDLY to PORTRAY the actual SCENE as WITNESSED by the participants.

A PARTIAL OUTLINE OF CONTENTS

Spain and Her Colonies:—Spain's Colonial History—The Pope's Division of the World Between Spain and Portugal—Spain's Conquest of Portugal and Supremacy over Other Nations—Hers the First "Empire on which the Sun Never Sets"—How the Spaniards Acquired their Cruel Propensities—By Abuse and Oppression Spain Loses Her Colonies.

Spain and Cuba:—The Noble and Gentle Race Columbus found in Cuba—By Subjugation, Cruelty, and Oppression, Spain Annihilated More than a Million Aborigines—She Imported Negroes into the West Indies and Instituted Slavery—Spanish Devices for Capturing and Torturing Fugitive Slaves—The Buccaneers in Cuba and the West Indies—The First Cuban Revolts—The Lopez Expeditions—The "Black Warrior"—The Ostend Manifesto—"Cuba Libre!"

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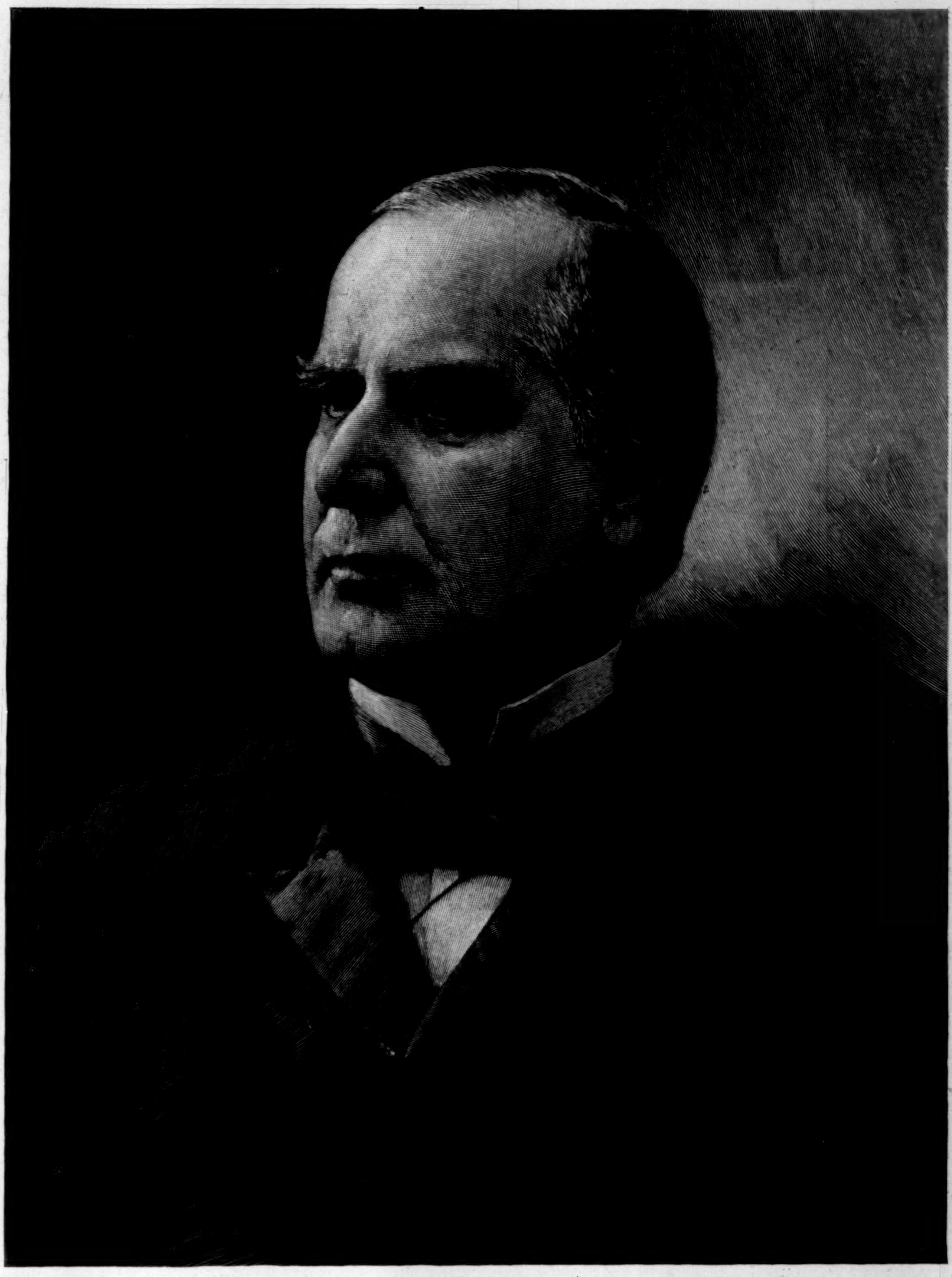

WILLIAM McKINLEY, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

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THE PRESIDENT'S ANNUAL MESSAGE

DECEMBER 6, 1897

"THE most important problem with which this Government is now called upon to deal pertaining to its foreign relations concerns its duty towards Spain and the Cuban insurrection. Problems and conditions more or less in common with those now existing have confronted this Government at various times in the past. The story of Cuba for many years has been one of unrest; growing discontent; an effort towards a larger enjoyment of liberty and self-control; of organized resistance to the mother-country; of depression after distress and warfare, and of ineffectual settlement to be followed by renewed revolt. For no enduring period since the enfranchisement of the continental possessions of Spain in the Western Continent has the condition of Cuba or the policy of Spain towards Cuba not caused concern to the United States.

"The prospect from time to time that the weakness of Spain's hold upon the island and the political vicissitudes and embarrassments of the home government might lead to the transfer of Cuba to a continental power called forth, between 1823 and 1860, various emphatic declarations of the policy of the United States to permit no disturbance of Cuba's connection with Spain unless in the direction of independence or acquisition by us through purchase; nor has there been any change of this

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every department, and in every way worked towards the unification of the forces and the economization of the same, so as to produce the grandest development of the higher education. This has reacted on the several departments, and has produced in each a corresponding increase of scholarly spirit, and developed in the student a more manly spirit as well."

Yes, no doubt the university idea is the key-note to his administration, but not the key to his power, I submit. He has been attached to the university idea because, as he has looked hopefully forward, he has seen that the larger and freer form is not only desirable, but indispensable. I have been reading once more his report dated 1896, in which he traces the growth of the university idea from its beginning in 1795, when his grandfather was college president, and when the entire teaching force consisted of the president, one professor, and three tutors. He tells us with precision how poor and weak in external things the college was a century ago, but I think he cares to give these details chiefly because he is able to add that the first Dr. Dwight's guiding and planning mind took to itself the vision of the future; and in conclusion he impulsively expresses his strong faith "that the coming century has yet greater things in its keeping—things as far beyond what we know to-day as the things that have come to us are greater than those which were revealed before the sight and in the experience of our fathers." The plans for the expanding university, he says, "should be directed by a wisdom that looks forward—a wisdom that acts at the right moment, but is willing to wait for the right moment."

The practical value of "a wisdom that looks forward" has been demonstrated at New Haven. Since President Dwight took office, in 1886, and since the name of the institution was changed from Yale College to Yale University, in March, 1887, almost a score of new buildings for the uses of the university have been erected, and half as many more either purchased or considerably enlarged or altered. The value of the new buildings alone, it is authoritatively stated, is more than $2,000,000. A comparison of the latest Yale catalogue with that for 1886–7 shows, besides the building added to the Medical School, the Psychological Laboratory, and the Dean's offices in High Street, the following acquisitions: The Kent Laboratory, which was completed in 1888; Osborn Hall (displacing the old Yale Fence), completed in 1889; the Chittenden Library Building, 1890; the new Gymnasium, 1892; Welch Hall, a dormitory, completed in 1892; Winchester Hall (scientific school), 1892; the Infirmary, 1892; the Laboratory Building of the Medical School, 1893; Vanderbilt Hall, a dormitory, completed in 1894; White Hall and Berkeley Hall, dormitories, completed in 1894; the Chemical Laboratory of the Scientific School, 1895; the Law Building, 1895; Phelps Hall, 1896, and Pierson Hall, a dormitory, completed in 1896. The former residence of the founder of the Scientific School has been transformed into a Biological Laboratory; one of the Congregational churches of the city has been purchased and devoted to university purposes ("College Street Hall"); the Battell Chapel has been very much enlarged; the old Gymnasium has been adapted to the purposes of the University Dining Hall; important changes and repairs have been made in the older Medical Building and in Sheffield Hall, and, partly to provide for other halls and dormitories, the college grounds have been enlarged by very considerable purchases of land near the academic campus.

As for the financial resources of the university, and its growth in the number of teachers and students, Yale has much more than doubled its strength during the twelve years. In 1885–6 there were 1104 students and 114 instructors; at the present time there are 2796 students and about 270 instructors. The proportion of one instructor to about ten students has been steadily maintained. If we examine the records of that department which most perfectly expresses the university ideal, inasmuch as it is especially devoted to research work—the Graduate School—the increase is more striking. The general catalogue for 1886–7 contains the names of only 56 graduate students, while that of 1898–9 will show 283 or more. The membership in the Department of Music and the Courses for Teachers, both of which have come into existence since the college became a university, is at present 239. Only the Divinity School has remained nearly stationary in this respect, its membership reaching 119 in 1893–4, and declining to 95 at the beginning of the present academic year. But the whole story may be briefly told, for the summary of students for the first term, 1898, made up by the secretary, Mr. Dexter, on December 16, has been sent to me, together with the corresponding figures for 1885–6, as follows:

	1885–6.	1898–9.
Graduate School	42	283
Yale College	563	1224
Sheffield Scientific School	251	567
Art School	48	84
Department of Music	0	76
Divinity School	110	95
Medical School	28	110
Law School	62	194
Teachers' Courses	0	163
Total	1104	2796

The permanent funds or invested funds belonging to the institution have more than doubled since 1886, increasing from $2,200,000 in 1885–6 to $4,600,000 in 1898–9; and in a decade (1887–97) the gifts to the university amounted to about four millions of dollars. It is of course proper to consider under this head the increased attendance as a cause of a similar increase of the resources for meeting annual expenditures. With this item added, the increase of the annual income of the corporation, for all purposes, is seen to be more than 150 per cent. The number of the courses of study offered under the elective system has increased in equal measure. Within the same period it also has more than doubled.

III.

This evenness of growth is a striking fact, certainly. The opportunities for liberal study, the funds for the support of a great institution, the brotherhood of students, and the brotherhood of teachers have advanced in a line. And if one searches for an explanation of Yale's symmetry, I think it will not be hard to find. President Dwight—first of all a scholar and a practical teacher—fully realized that as the sphere of knowledge widens everywhere, the call which comes to a university for the advancement of learning is more imperative and more exacting in its claims. "The impulse which quickens its efforts, therefore," he says, "must be the impulse which asks for greater resources, to the end that there may be larger work and richer results for educated life in the State and the nation."

It is true that Dr. Dwight mentions "greater resources" first and "larger work" in the second place, but one misses the whole significance of the message who does not see that the logical order in the opinion of the president is almost the reverse of this. Entering upon his office at a critical moment in the history of the institution, he was not content with merely guiding the development that had begun, but he stimulated it with his confidence that the end *secures* the means. A symmetrical growth was planned and promised, and therefore realized. If a university truly sympathizes with the spirit of progress that is abroad in the world, and is equipped for real service, there need be no misgivings or over-cautious pondering of ways and means—at least a man of Dr. Dwight's disposition would have none. Every obligation that the university assumes in such a cause makes its connection with the great world more vital. It cannot be permitted to want, for it stands ready to give. *Date, et dabitur.*

The attachment of the university to its president, in addition to the personal and unofficial manifestations, has more recently been well expressed by the Yale corporation. A committee of that body, appointed on November 17, submitted its report at an adjourned meeting of the corporation, held at New Haven on the 13th of December, and by the adoption of its report the resignation of Dr. Dwight was accepted. "Urgent representations," the committee states, "have failed to persuade him to postpone, as the fellows would unanimously desire, the date at which he proposed that his resignation should take effect." The members of the corporation, therefore, were compelled most reluctantly to acquiesce in his decision, declaring in their resolutions that his administration "will be a memorable period of the history of this institution in all future time." The advances which have been made in many directions since 1886 are indicated, and this comment follows: "In the progress thus exhibited the personal character and personal services of President Dwight have been a most significant factor, and with noteworthy disinterestedness and devotion he himself has given the university considerably more than $100,000, or more than twice the amount of the remuneration to which his office was entitled."

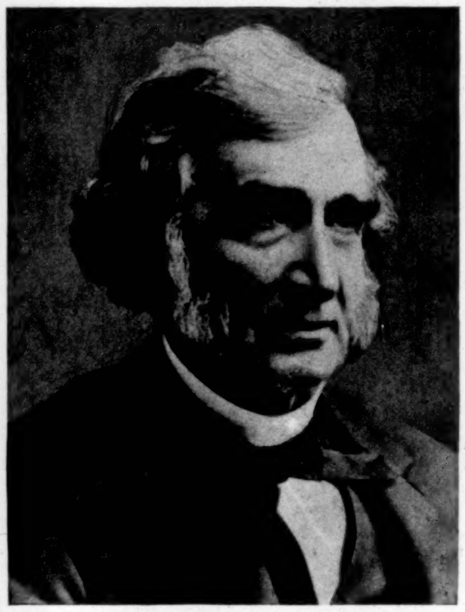
In regard to the succession it may be stated that at the December meeting of the corporation the names of between twenty and thirty persons were suggested as possible candidates. All or nearly all of these were laymen. At most the names of one or two clergymen were considered at that time. There is, of course, positively no legal obstacle in the way of choosing a non-clerical president.

While it is not at all probable that a selection will be made before next May, it is hoped that the list of candidates will be narrowed down to a few names—perhaps two or three—by March; and meantime it is interesting to note the two currents of opinion, one setting in favor of the promotion of some member of the teaching body at New Haven, the other as strongly favoring the election of an outsider—that is, a graduate of the college whose laurels have been won in other fields. Briefly, then, a successor or a "success"? . . . The feeling seems to be strong that a Yale president should be a Yale graduate; subject to this condition, however, a larger freedom of choice than has been customary would, it is thought, be approved by the *alumni* who do not reside in New Haven.

But when considering the possibility of choosing a Yale president from the ranks of eminently successful outsiders, it is impossible to overlook one serious difficulty. The salary attached to the office at present is only $4200, and the pecuniary sacrifice involved in the acceptance of the office would be prohibitive in many cases.

The lesson of Dr. Dwight's policy, if I have not entirely misapprehended it, seems applicable here: "If Yale's guardians and friends guide its course and *fill up the measure of its wants under the inspiration of all encouraging suggestions*, the years, as they move onward, will witness the realization of our hopes." The man who is best qualified to serve the university in this honorable position should be chosen, wherever he may be found.

MARRION WILCOX.



HON. JUSTIN S. MORRILL,
Late Senior Senator from Vermont.
Photograph by Bell.

Justin S. Morrill

SENATOR MORRILL, who died December 27, 1898, was called "The Father of the Senate." He was more than that: he was the oldest member of Congress, both in years and in length of service, for he was born April 14, 1810, and had served in one House or the other since December, 1855. From 1867 to the time of his death he was a Senator from Vermont. John Sherman entered the House with Mr. Morrill, but he was Secretary of the Treasury during Hayes's administration. The next longest career in Congress which is recalled is that of Thomas H. Benton, who served thirty years in the Senate and two in the House. It therefore appears that Mr. Morrill's twelve years in the Lower House and nearly thirty-two years in the Upper make the longest legislative career in our national history. He was in his eighty-seventh year when he was chosen for his sixth term.

Senator Morrill's success in life was due mainly to great industry. Beginning with only a common-school education and some experience in business and farming, he soon obtained and retained a very high position among men whose natural abilities, education, and wealth were far superior to his. Mr. Morrill had few, if any, of the qualities of a popular orator, but in the committee-room, where our laws are formulated and the hard work is done, he was a power. Because he never took part in every-day politics and rarely spoke in political campaigns, except in Vermont, his fame was not great.

His name, however, will always remain prominent in connection with the tariff history of the United States. Toward the close of the fifties our national finances were in disorder, and the public debt yearly increasing. The tariff bill of which he was the author, and which bears his name is supposed by many to have been a "war measure," and that the great increase in customs rates was made largely with a "protective" purpose. These are mistaken notions. The bill was introduced in the House early in 1860, and Mr. Morrill, in his opening speech, said: "The first object of the bill proposed is to authorize a loan to pay off the Treasury notes and the accruing interest. . . . The principles upon which the present tariff bill are founded do not necessarily raise the question of protection *per se*. . . . Most of the highest duties fixed upon have been so fixed more with a view to revenue than protection." It was sought to accomplish the end in view by changing the duty from an *ad valorem* to a specific one. This, in fact, greatly increased the tariff.

In the revenue measures throughout the war Mr. Morrill was one of the most important factors, and he had charge in the House of the tariff acts of 1862 and 1864. His many speeches on the tariff question evince much careful study, are modest, here and there show a keen sense of humor, and are often enlivened by a well-chosen anecdote. He spoke in favor of the Tariff Commission in December, 1881, and in the following March made a keen argument in reply to Senator Beck of Kentucky, who was then the Democratic leader in the Senate in opposition to protection. For over thirty years the question of protection was almost constantly in his mind, and his party considered him one of its best expounders.

On the monetary questions which have at different times since the civil war caused protracted discussions in Congress and in the press Mr. Morrill generally took a wise and conservative view, arguing with force against a cheap currency, and favoring the resumption of specie payments. He noticed the increasing demand of the silver States with much regret, and in June, 1890, he told the Senators from Colorado and Nevada that they were not trying to realize the pledge of the Republican platform of 1888 to use "both gold and silver," but that their aim was "indirectly to demonetize gold." In a few years nearly every one saw that he was right.

But whenever the question became so broad as to take in commerce between nations, his belief in the old mercantile system—the theory that national prosperity follows the current of the precious metals—caused him to flounder. Reciprocity treaties, whether proposed by his own party or not, seemed to inspire him with horror or contempt. He could see nothing good in them, whether they were with a country as large as Spain or as small as Hawaii. It was clear to him, as it did not seem to be to many others, that reciprocity was contrary to the spirit of his favorite doctrine of protection. He believed that the clause of the Constitution giving Congress the right to regulate commerce with foreign nations made it unconstitutional for the President and the Senate to regulate it by treaty. But this was merely the beginning of his objections. "If reciprocity treaties," he said, in the debate on the ratification of the treaty with Hawaii, in March, 1875, "are to become the settled policy of the country, then farewell to all stability in our revenue laws. The Executive will agitate these questions as well as Congress. We shall be subject to all the changes which foreign powers may successfully urge upon whoever may happen to be an able and influential Secretary of State. Our own interest will have to be bartered for the interest of foreigners, and reciprocal compromises will be the order of the day." Almost regardless of his advanced age, he took a prominent part in the great contests over silver and the tariff in 1893–4, and again in 1896 he denounced the folly of the craze for free coinage at sixteen to one.

Mr. Morrill's manner and appearance were in perfect harmony with the highest dignity of the Senate. In stature he was tall and slender; in bearing, grave and gentle. His handsome head and face, beaming with benevolent intelligence, made him an attractive figure. His modesty in debate won the respect of all his fellow-members. So great was the esteem in which he was held by his associates that of late years it needed merely to be suggested that it would suit the convenience of the Senator from Vermont to speak on any question at a certain time, and the plans of others and the regular order of business promptly yielded to Mr. Morrill's pleasure. He carried the best traits of New England honesty and simplicity into politics. For many years every old resident of Washington was sure to go on April 14 to a house on Thomas Circle and wish the veteran Senator's old age might continue to be as green as spring. Mr. Morrill's charming little book on *The Self-Consciousness of Noted Persons*, published anonymously in 1882, showed that he possessed a graceful literary style and was an extensive reader of the best literature.

FREDERIC BANCROFT.

The Sale of Jamaica to United States

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

A. WHY should not England sell the West Indies to the United States?

B. Why should she?

A. Because they are a permanent expense, of no use, and potentially a source of danger, and it may even be of humiliation.

B. Can you not say the same of every other outlying colony? Of Mauritius or St. Helena, for example.

A. No, not of one of them. Where they are an expense to England the expense is justified by their usefulness. Where they are no expense they justify, *ipso facto*, their retention. The two you mention lie in the highways of British commerce, and are most useful.

B. Why is Jamaica of no use? Experts consider the island a strategic position of considerable value, and, in view of the opening of an Isthmus canal, a possession of immense importance.

A. You are mistaken. No expert has said that Jamaica is of any strategic value now. Before America took Cuba and Puerto Rico she may have been; but even on that point expert opinion has always been divided. As regards the cutting of a Panama or a Nicaraguan canal, it is the opinion of experts that the new waterway will not make any appreciable difference to Great Britain or her commerce. It will neither diminish the distance from Great Britain to anywhere, nor shorten any of her trade routes, nor cheapen freights.

B. Those are assertions.

A. Yes—of simple facts. Later on, if you like, we can thresh out each of them, one by one; but to save time in arriving at the main point—the sale of the West Indies—let us for the present accept them as facts.

B. But surely Jamaica is an invaluable coaling-station?

A. Yes—while we are at peace, and for merchant vessels. But if we were at war what use would the island be? What ships would she coal? She lies on no highway that we should ever need to use. We are never likely to be at war with the South-American republics, and for what other scene of operations would our war-ships go to Jamaica for coal? St. Lucia as a coaling-station is all that Great Britain needs in West-Indian waters.

B. You say the West Indies are a source of permanent expense.

A. Of course they are. Jamaica especially. What does Great Britain get in return for the half-million she spends every year? Jamaica costs a quarter of a million a year, and what does she give in return? Only anxiety.

B. What cause for anxiety is there in Jamaica?

A. History will answer that question as regards the past. The existence of West-Indian garrisons and a West-Indian squadron proves it in the present; and as for the future, the immediate future, the appearance of the United States in the Caribbean Sea is quite sufficient.

B. You mean, then, when you say that the island is "potentially a source of danger," that the danger is from the United States?

A. Precisely. While we are at peace with the United States, Jamaica is of no use to us, strategically. If we were at war with the States she would be a terrible weakness to us. The sooner, therefore, that Great Britain parts with a possession that is of no use, but likely to be a great danger, the better.

B. But you surely do not expect Great Britain to be at war with the United States?

A. I certainly do not expect it. But the improbable is not the impossible, and in anticipation of such a contingency I think the retention of Jamaica is a political and military mistake. That it will before long be a cause of dissatisfaction with the States I am convinced, but how far the feeling may go remains to be seen.

B. Why a "cause of dissatisfaction"?

A. Because the commercial policy of the States toward the British West Indies is certain to be harsh and unfriendly. Tariffs do not admit of sentiment. The "blood-thicker-than-water" theory does not extend to trade; and when we consider the enormous commerce of Cuba with the States—it will in ten years be as large as the whole of American trade with the rest of the world, outside Great Britain—it is obvious that our "cousins" will be justified, in a cousinly way of course, in strangling the British West Indies. If the West Indies belonged to the States they would all very soon be flourishing, and the palmy days of old would return to Jamaica.

B. Why?

A. Because, if for no other reason, Jamaican produce would go into American markets free of duties. Secondly, because the Americans would soon bring every cultivable acre of the island under cultivation, and not be content, as the Jamaicans under British rule are, to live in an island where two-thirds of the cultivable land is lying waste.

B. You believe that if Jamaica belonged to the States, she would again be prosperous?

A. Certainly. Can anybody in his senses doubt it?

B. And do you think the States would buy the West Indies if they were offered to them?

A. Yes, I do. Politically and commercially the West Indies *ought* to belong to the States. They are of immense direct value to the Americans. Of none, except indirectly, to anybody else; and once admitted to the Union, the "Islands State" would become one of its wealthiest.

B. Well, supposing America would buy, do you think Great Britain would sell?

A. Why not? Of course, if you make the suggestion in so many words to any Englishman, he scorns and scouts the idea, but as soon as you prove to him how the individual and the country generally would advantage by the sale, his opinion changes.

B. Would not popular sentiment forbid it?

A. I think not. The nation collectively could, I feel sure, be as easily persuaded to look at the transaction sensibly as any individual Englishman. There is very little "sentiment" in Great Britain about the West Indies. This is partly the fault of the Jamaicans themselves, who are always crying down the island. But it is also due to larger facts. The West Indies, for one thing, can never be "a white man's country."

B. Nor can India, Burma, Ceylon, or China.

A. True; but then these possessions reflect glory upon the nation that possesses them, and they are of prodigious commercial value to Great Britain. Moreover, they afford large outlets in their government and administration for the upper classes of Britishers. Jamaica does not reflect any glory upon England, nor does she contribute to the imperial revenue, nor does she absorb officials in any appreciable numbers; furthermore, she has an evil reputation, perhaps quite undeserved, as "the white man's grave," and as an island with a rebellious population. Canada and British Africa and Australasia are white men's countries, attracting immense numbers of immigrants, and compensating materially and substantially for the great anxieties and responsibilities of their possession. Jamaica attracts virtually no immigration. The island is annually becoming less and less white, and the word "mother-country," as meaning Great Britain, is (outside the officials and a proportion of the planting and commercial communities) quite inapplicable to Jamaica; so that there is no ground here for sentiment.

B. But, sentiment apart, would not national pride prevent England from selling Jamaica?

A. She "swapped" Heligoland the other day, which was really a matter touching national pride. If you were to ask me whether England would part with Cyprus, Malta, Aden, Gibraltar, or Nova Scotia, I should say no at once. But with Jamaica the case is altogether different, and I say yes.

B. Then you would advocate the sale of British colonies on the ground of their having no material value in pounds, shillings, and pence, and of their being liable to complicate us in quarrels?

A. No. I would be the last to approve of Great Britain shirking any of the responsibilities of extended empire; and yet, speaking as an Englishman—and a jingo, for the matter of that—I cannot see anything dishonorable in England giving the West Indies a chance of prosperity, such as she herself can never promise them, especially if the transfer of the island removes a cause for friction with a friendly power.

B. But surely you would not expect the British-born population of the island to acquiesce in a sale which would transfer them in a body to American masters, and be so prejudicial to their pockets?

A. Of course not. If America bought Jamaica every English official would have to go; and I think you will agree with me that there is not a single official in the island who would not joyously send in his resignation if the government paid him his full salary in one lump, calculated up to the date of his retiring-time, and added to that, in a lump, a pension at the rate of half his salary for, say, twenty-five years. That would be my proposal as regards officials, and I am much mistaken if the sale of Jamaica would not, under such conditions, have the cordial approval of every member of every department. Then the pension list of the island would have to be closed up on correspondingly generous terms. And the planters would have the option given them of selling their estates to the government, the purchase-moneys being calculated on strictly business lines. The same with business firms, who, having invested their capital under the security of British government, might think their transfer to American rule prejudicial. But how many planters or men of business, knowing that Jamaica was to become American, would part with their acres or their stores? Do you think there would be a single one? I do not.

B. And how much would your scheme cost, do you suppose?

A. I have calculated it from the Handbook, to the best of my ability, and found that five millions sterling would cover it.

B. Then you propose to sell Jamaica for five millions?

A. Not at all. If America, after conquering the Philippines, gives Spain four millions as compensation for improvements, I should not think of letting Jamaica go for five. But how much more I should ask I have never thought: it is neither here nor there. If England will sell and America will buy Jamaica, the question of price would soon be settled, and the transfer, in my opinion, would be most advantageous to both parties.

B. Meanwhile, have you not forgotten an important factor in the problem—the colored population? What would you do for them?

A. Nothing. I do not recognize any grounds, moral or other, for taking them into consideration. Their unfortunate parents were carried away from Africa and made slaves of. But the present population are freemen living in a colored man's paradise. What more could be done for them?

B. America is not popular with the negro.

A. Perhaps not. But what is the value, in such a matter, of negro fancies? American government is good enough for white men of every nationality, and the negro would have to find out that it was good enough for him too.

B. You are quite serious in propounding such a scheme?

A. As serious as need be. It is an open secret that the matter has been seriously considered in the States. Phil. Robinson.

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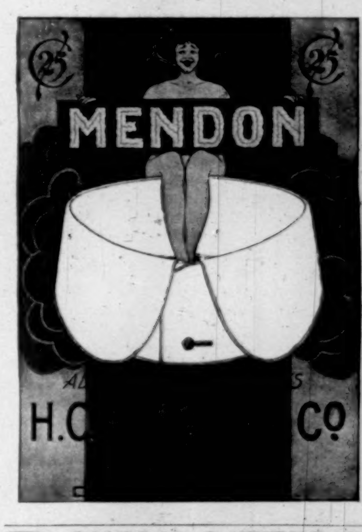

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THE moment a transatlantic liner reaches port, that moment the ocean-travelling grumbler is set loose. There are always a half-dozen of his species on every voyage. The table is invariably bad; the service is execrable; the sanitary condition of the ship is frightful; the ventilation resembles that of the Black Hole of Calcutta, and now and then the captain and officers are criminally careless and downright foolhardy. The ocean-going grumbler usually rages most after his first voyage. He fancies that it gives him an air of distinction to talk knowingly upon the details of steamship management. The probabilities are that he is ignorant of the care with which he has been guarded every moment that he has been afloat.

It is the old story of every man knowing how to run a railroad or a newspaper over again, except that this time this highly superior knowledge is focussed upon the management of the steamship line. The grumbler does not pretend that he knows the intricacies of navigation any more than he knows how to run a locomotive or manage a signal tower on a railroad, any more than he knows how to collect news or set the type on a newspaper. He simply knows how to conduct a steamship line on broad principles, just as he is sure that he could increase the earning capacity of a railroad and add to the delight of every man who rides on one of its trains; just as he knows how to increase the circulation of a newspaper, and vastly add to its power to demolish his political and personal enemies. He imagines that all there is to running a steamship line is to get your boats, load them with freight and passengers, get some competent men to guide them across the ocean, and then discharge freight and passengers on the other side. It is simply a question of seaworthy boats, good seamanship, efficient attention to passengers.

It is true that all these things are necessary to the successful management of a steamship line, but there is a great deal more in the work than loading and unloading a set of stanch vessels after they have been navigated safely across the ocean. Of course there cannot be a steamship line without boats, without competent men to run them, without business to support them. Neither can there be a steamship line without an intricate system of business machinery on land. It is the management on land that the average person rarely hears of, and that the ocean-going grumbler ignores entirely. This land management is complex and far reaching. Any one who has considered the vast amount of advertising that is done, any one who has seen the stores and storehouses necessary to supply food for passengers and fuel and other requirements for ships, any one who has stopped to think of the constant repairs and maintenance of vessels, any one who has witnessed the system in operation of loading and unloading vessels expeditiously—such a one can begin to realize what it means to run a steamship line on its business side. It requires the services of a small army on shore, from the man trained in finance and in the conduct of tremendous vested interests, from the man used to personal dealing with the masses—people of every kind—from the man skilled in the purchase of an enormous amount of supplies, down to the mere clerk or the clumsy longshoreman who trundles box, barrel, or crate from truck to steamship hold.

All great steamship lines, like all great railroads or great newspapers, are run practically on similar lines. The activity on shore centres in two places—the chief business office of the line, and the dock or pier where the vessels land. There are two great departments in the chief business office. One is the passenger department, and the other is the freight department. It is through these two departments that revenue comes to the line. It is through other departments that this revenue is expended. The ocean-traveller or the importing or exporting merchant knows something of the freight or passenger business in a general way; the other departments are a sealed book to him. Particularly is this true of the dock management, the maintenance of vessels, the purchase of supplies.

The only transatlantic steamship line with headquarters in this country is the International Navigation Company, which conducts the American and Red Star lines. If one would write in this country of the management of such a tremendous business he must have some knowledge of the system employed by that company. It is for that reason that I refer to it, revealing only those general features of business management as practically are common to all lines of similar importance with headquarters abroad, such as the Cunard, the White Star, the Hamburg-American, or the North German Lloyd lines. Details such as are intended to add to the efficiency of business management or the commercial advantage of the line, of course, can have no place here.

There are two general branches leading direct from the active management. One has to do with people who do business with the line—the passengers and shippers—and the other has to do with the management of the fleet. The active management of the fleet proper is conducted through a marine superintendent. He is the executive officer of the line. He is the medium of communication between the commanders of nearly twenty-five steamships and the manager of the line. All the captains report to the marine superintendent. He has charge of what might be called the dock management of the vessels. Changes in the *personnel* of the officers are made through him. The moment the lines of a ship touch the pier at the end of a voyage the ship is in his charge. He must see that she is properly officered before she leaves port, that all the legal requirements pertaining to the navigation of the high seas are complied with. He must look after all repairs to hull and spars. He is responsible for the selection of the crew, although the duty of selecting sailors is generally left with the first officer of each vessel. Nevertheless the responsibility lies with the marine superintendent.

In a general way it is the duty of the marine superintendent to dock and, if one may use the word, undock the ships. He knows when to expect each vessel. He engages several tugs, and when the news comes that a ship is sighted, the tug-owners are notified. Sometimes it is necessary to send a tug to quarantine with special instructions to a captain. The ship leaves quarantine, and soon approaches the pier. She slows down; the tugs group themselves about her to push here and pull there. The 10,000-ton ship inches her way toward the end of the pier, great hawsers are attached, and there the responsibility of her captain practically ends. The marine superintendent now has her in charge. The shore bo's'n and his gang of a score or more of men must work fast. There are lines to be fastened and cast off, fenders to be used, spars to be lowered and put against the ship's side, gangways to be made ready for use.

Inch by inch the ship must be pushed into her berth, and at a given spot the momentum of the great mass must be checked. When the vessel is made fast she passes into the direct custody of the dock department, so far as loading and unloading her goes. The captain comes ashore, files his reports, gets his orders if there be any, and is practically free from further responsibility, until he goes to the Custom-House to clear his ship just before she sails again. Meanwhile the marine superintendent is busy looking after repairs outside the engine department, in painting hull and spars, in seeing that the rigging is in good order, and that all navigation supplies, instruments, signals, etc., are in perfect order. It is a most responsible place, this office of marine superintendent. The discipline of the line depends upon him largely. With more than a score of ships arriving, some in New York and some in Philadelphia, he has his hands full constantly.

The dock management of a transatlantic line is complex. Nearly three hundred men are employed in it almost constantly in various capacities. The work consists solely of unloading and loading the vessels and in caring for the pier. When a ship is made fast to her pier it is the duty of the dock department to put the gangways in position, and the unloading begins at once. The passengers and their baggage are taken off first. If the mails have not been removed at quarantine during the night, they are also hustled off as the passengers are leaving the ship. Frequently two vessels of the International Navigation Company will arrive at the same hour. Their New York pier is without doubt the finest in the world for the discharge of freight and passengers. The passengers are taken from the deck to the second story of the pier. The baggage is landed there at the same time, and grouped under big letters. The customs officials are speedy in their work, and it is no uncommon task to land and clear the pier of 1000 passengers and their luggage in a little more than two hours.

While the passengers are being cared for on the upper story of the pier, freight is being taken out of the ship to the ground-floor. This requires the services of more than two hundred longshoremen. They are paid by the hour, and generally work for one line steadily. They know when a ship is to arrive, and although they are not employed constantly, because some days there are no ships of the line in port, they usually work for no other line. It requires nearly a score of foremen to manage this force of longshoremen, and to so dispose of the freight as it is taken from the ship as to require the least possible handling before its final removal by the consignees. So expert are these workmen that the biggest vessel of the line is usually unloaded in about twenty-four hours of actual work. Although the ships of the American line are rarely in port more than four days, it is almost never necessary to work nights either to load or unload them.

The dock management centres in a dock superintendent. One of his numerous duties is to attend to the coaling of the ships. Of course it is known almost to a ton how much coal a vessel will need to fill her bunkers after a voyage of ordinary length. The engine department makes requisition for a certain amount of coal, and at once the tugs begin to push the loaded canal-boats alongside the ship, and the disagreeable work of coaling begins. The coal is shovelled into scoops and swung on board, where it is stowed in bunkers. Every pound of it has to be disposed of by manual labor, but so expeditious are the men at the work that 2500 tons are usually stowed away in from fifteen to eighteen hours.

The steamer once unloaded and most of the freight removed, another rush begins. The dock superintendent receives from the main business office of the line lists of freight engagements. These are given to the head foreman or one of his dozen assistants, and he plans where to have the freight deposited by the truckmen so as to require the least handling when it is stowed away on shipboard. From long experience the foreman and his assistants know just where certain grades of freight will be stowed in the ship, and as the trucks arrive they and their freight are disposed of systematically. The longshoremen keep pegging away at the piles of freight, and it is a race to keep the pier as clear as possible.

The day before the ship sails the baggage of the outgoing passengers begins to arrive. The morning of the sailing it pours into the shed of the pier, late arrivals of freight are hurried to the pier, and there seems hopeless confusion as the passengers hasten there and begin a clamor about their luggage and the disposition of it. Shipping-clerks are busy making out manifests, baggagemen are darting here and there, cabs and trucks of late arrivals add to the excitement, and it seems as if the ship would never get off. Nevertheless, just as the sky clears after a summer shower, the pier is swept bare almost in an instant, and, as the clock strikes the sailing-hour, the dock management pulls in the gangways, the marine superintendent sees that the ship starts, and as she clears the pier the captain probably tips his cap or waves his hand to acknowledge that his responsibility has begun, and that the responsibility of those on shore has ceased.

The work on the pier, however, does not cease. The dock superintendent has a fire drill once a month. Every clerk and salaried employé has his station. These fire drills are no mere formal affairs. It is not a play spell but hard work to respond to an alarm. Promptness and efficiency are desired, and it is only by thorough work at every drill that these are secured. The dock superintendent has charge of a score of watchmen, must see to the employment of the force of carpenters, must look after the thorough sweeping of the dock at regular intervals. The sweeping is done by a machine that resembles an ordinary street-sweeper, except that it is propelled by hand.

Altogether the dock management of a big steamship line gives fine opportunities for executive work; it requires a study of the value of time and space in the saving of labor; it calls for an active responsibility for property day and night; it requires adaptability in handling persons of all grades and peculiarities.

Another great department in the shore organization of a transatlantic steamship line is the engine department. It is under the management of a superintending engineer. He is to the engine department what the marine superintendent is to the dock department. All the chief engineers report to the superintending engineer at once on their arrival. The amount of coal consumption is one of the chief topics required in the report, and another is the amount of repairing, if any, that is necessary before the ship leaves port again. The engines of every ship are thoroughly overhauled and inspected every time she comes into port. Few people realize the care with which this work is undertaken and finished. The marine engine is such a complex and at the same time such a delicate affair that the examination into its condition after a voyage must be most careful. Every vital part is gone over, and some of them are taken apart. The entire machinery is cleaned scrupulously. Valves, bearings, tubes, wheels, joints, gauges, are tested, and before the ship sails the superintending engineer pronounces all her machinery in good condition.

The engine department is as important as any connected with a steamship line, and it is also the one which even the ocean-going public knows least about. They hear the roar of the machinery at sea, and see the smoke pour out of the ship's funnels, and there their knowledge ends. The enormous activity in the engine-rooms is hidden from them, just as the work that goes on in port in every engine-room under the guidance of the superintending engineer is hidden from them. The superintending engineer is not only responsible for the condition of the machinery of each vessel of the fleet, but he is responsible for the men who run the engines and their subordinates. He must see that every ship is properly equipped with men in the engine department before she starts out. Promotions and changes in the force are made through him. Final responsibility for the condition of the machinery rests with him, and he reports directly to the active management, making requisitions for all supplies that are needed.

The port steward's or the purchasing agent's department is another department of first rank. The port steward provisions the ships. He must supply thousands of people with food of various grades at one time. It is a most responsible task. When a ship comes in the chief steward of the vessel sends to the port steward a list of the supplies unused on board. A day or two before the ship leaves port the port steward consults with the passenger department as to the probable number of passengers on the outgoing trip, and the probable number that will come back from Europe on the return trip of the vessel. Perishable food, such as meat, is bought in this country for a round trip of the vessel.

The number of probable passengers being ascertained, the port steward begins his purchases. He keeps constantly in touch with the market-prices, and with extraordinary skill buys so as to take advantage of every turn in the market. He decides that such and such things are needed in such and such quantities for stocking up the ship. He sends word to this or that house to deliver at the ship a certain quantity of goods. One might think that this would be a simple matter, but it is not so. Articles of food have to be stowed as carefully as articles of the cargo. Certain grades of food and drinking supplies have to be delivered at certain hours so as to secure the most effective stowage in the vessel. All supplies have to be counted and vouched for. Hundreds of articles in various quantities have to be purchased in a day or two by the port steward. Certain staple articles are bought in great quantities, to be stowed away until needed and to be delivered when called for. Some of the foreign lines have immense storehouses filled with staple supplies sufficient for many months. On this side of the water arrangements for delivery of goods obviates the maintenance of a vast storehouse plant.

The port steward, like the marine superintendent and the superintending engineer, has entire charge of and responsibility for the stewards of each ship. The stewards report to him, and he reports to the management. The chief steward of a vessel has a most onerous task. His hardest work is to prevent waste. He is required to keep an elaborate record of the use of supplies. Every steamship line tabulates these records and works out a system of percentages. They know almost to the pound how much of each staple the average passenger uses on a given trip, and they can estimate the care used on every voyage to prevent undue waste.

The management of the linen of a ship, and the supply of all table, kitchen, and other utensils, lie with the port steward. He engages all help practically. A complete list of breakage must be kept. The element of wear and tear must be met economically. A ship's linen-supply must be increased or decreased at certain seasons of the year. Certain articles must be bought in this country and certain other articles must be purchased on the other side. The steward department of a big steamship line, it will thus be seen, is one that calls for most careful business management. The system employed in keeping up with its work is complex. It takes a level head to manage it to the best pecuniary advantage of the line.

Little need be said about the freight and passenger business of a transatlantic line. No line cares to have details of its business in these matters made public. The freight in all lines is classified as east-bound and west-bound. Like most of the great railroads, the large steamship lines have travelling agents who seek trade from large shippers. The passenger department has to do with three grades of passengers—those of the first cabin, the second cabin, and the steerage. It has to do with all the advertising for the line. It has fully five thousand agencies throughout the country, with which the home office must keep in touch. It, too, has its travelling agents looking after the line's interests.

All the departments of the land machinery of each steamship line finally centre in one place—the executive head of the entire system. As in the case of a railroad or other large corporation, this executive is responsible to the board of directors, and they to the stockholders—the final owners of the property. It will thus be seen that it requires something more than a fleet of ships with competent men to run them to constitute a great steamship line.

FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

AMATEUR SPORT

THIS is the time of the athletic year when the "wind bloweth whither it listeth," and when every sportive straw caught up thereon does not necessarily indicate the direction thereof.

The withdrawal of Harvard and Yale from the Inter-collegiate Athletic Association has been widely published as a forerunner of an approaching "dual league" between those two universities.

What a fascination that dual-league bogey appears to hold for the public and a dear old class of "grads," who cannot shake clear from visions of "lapstreaks" and coxswainless crews! Every little while it pops up through some entirely irrelevant procedure, only to be threshed into exhaustion by vigorous exploitation in the daily press. And yet it comes again, and while it lasts robs many a college man of his peace of mind. We are just now quite in the midst of one of its visitations—"prominent alumni" being interviewed, prognostications by the yard flung in our faces—and, indeed, the fate (and certainly the happiness) of the collegiate sport world apparently hanging in the balance. Having expended its vitality, however, the little perturbation soon whirls out of mind—and once more we return to the even tenor of our ways.

THE DUAL-LEAGUE QUESTION is quite of a piece with the Irish question. Harvard and Yale already are enjoying all the advantages and privileges of a dual league in track athletics, in baseball, in football, and in rowing, and, in fact, have been in possession of them for several years. Furthermore, I believe I am safe in saying that the present athletic arrangements between Harvard and Yale constitute as much of a dual league as the two universities either desire or seek.

Years ago there was talk, by a few underbalanced and overloaded sons of both universities, of dual arrangements to the exclusion of all contests with other university teams or crews. That was when all the pure of heart were believed to live in Boston or at New Haven; but the passing of an especially bleak and depressing New England winter disclosed to view a measure of sportsmanship in other directions.

The present, and healthful, I may add, trend of college sport is to forsake associations and leagues and the like for dual arrangements with natural or particularly desirable rivals.

One reason for this tendency is aversion to the abhorrent "championship" idea which league schedules imply; another reason, and perhaps an even more strongly persuasive factor in Harvard and Yale's recent attitude towards the Inter-collegiate Association, is the danger that league management may, and usually does, fall into impotent or indifferent hands.

The expression of distrust in the ability or desire of the Inter-collegiate Association to keep its annual meetings free of objectional features, implied by the withdrawal of Harvard and Yale, is fully warranted. For several years the officers of the Association have legislated weakly on matters taken in hand, and ignored questions which should have stirred to immediate and decisive action any body concerned in keeping amateur sport clean. The tone of the inter-collegiate meeting has been lowering gradually, and the officers who have served during the last five years are directly responsible for it. To have permitted the entry of a man whose amateur status is so notoriously uncertain as that of B. J. Wefers was to invite dissolution of the Association. And it is beginning.

THERE IS ANOTHER DIRECTION in which the Inter-collegiate Association could have exerted influence in upholding the best ideals of university sport.

In recent years it has come to pass that excessive desire to win points has prompted long and distant trips for recruiting purposes. In a number of cases these searches have resulted in effecting the entrance to a university of men (perhaps already attending a local college) whose reputation in the athletic world, small or wide, was already established.

It is entirely possible, of course, that athletes gathered in this manner may never have offended the ethics of amateur sport; their entrance to the recruiting university may have no connection with their signal athletic ability; no inducement of any sort may have been held out to them that would not be offered another who had no athletic possibilities.

All this may be. But there is no question that every such case creates suspicion of motives, both of the athlete and of the university which has recruited him. Sometimes the athlete is done injustice, and at all times the university is accountable, and, I fear, too often culpable to a greater or lesser degree. Now and again, no doubt, athletes of distinguished and established ability find their way unsolicited and unaided to the larger universities—but rarely. Too often we have men who come from afar, like Orton, McCracken, Kraentzlein, or from a nearby smaller college, like Cregan, and thereby arouse suspicion as to their status; or men like Wefers, whose motives are too obvious, and whose disposition is too well understood to admit of question.

The strengthening of university athletics by such diligence and far-seeking hurts college sport at home and abroad. It creates Western or local belief in professionalism existing in the East, thereby hindering the spread of a wholesome sport spirit, and it arouses suspicion and aversion for the Eastern university implicated.

THAT THE MISSOURI VALLEY colleges are no part of the general movement making for the elevation of athletic ideals and a more exact conception of the ethics of amateur sport is explained in two words—faculty indifference.

It is certain there are no protests, which fact, together with the equally certain infraction of rules, suggests either lack of vigilance on the part of the faculties or offence shared by the colleges in common. Offence there is most assuredly, although the transgressions are not so patent that "he who runs may read." Professionalism is not an agitated subject, to any extent, in this Valley. Faculties shy at it; no one grapples with it. But long familiarity with the field, frequent visits, and careful study of its players convince me of the tainted condition of the college-sport atmosphere in this section.

The State faculties have the actual and absolute power of controlling sport in their respective universities.

At Kansas the Faculty Advisory Committee dictates to the athletic associations of the student body. Little is ever heard of faculty interference at Missouri. But in these universities, and in fact in Missouri Valley football, the real agent for good or for ill—the athletic Poo-Bah—is the hired coach. He is expected to work up interest, to get players out—you might say, almost, to "furnish" players—directs the policy of the team, even the business management, and decides, practically, who shall play. With the power—not the power, perhaps, but the most active interest—thus centralized it is easy to see how ethics are violated, especially in cases such as that of the Kansas University coach this year, whose remuneration was dependent, to an extent, upon the amount of the season's gate, and therefore upon his team's success.

THIS SOUNDS STRANGE TO SPORTSMEN'S EARS, but soothing as compared with the statement going the rounds of the Missouri Valley press—and not yet contradicted—that the manager of Missouri, a student, for his second year received $200, exclusive of expenses, for his services. The football managership is an honored place for which Kansans strive, but the game excites less interest at Missouri, which, by-the-way, is not looked upon as the equal of Kansas University in any respect, the latter having much the better standing.

As illustrating the power of the coach, the following incident is significant. Walker, a Kansas alumnus, and coach of Haskell, was chosen as an official for a game between Kansas and St. Mary's. Coach Woodruff of Kansas, finding his centre lame and another hard game but three days distant, put in Walker, as he considered the regular sub-centre too weak. Both captain and man-

Manager Nourse. W. A. Boal (left guard). W. D. Eaton (sub-tackle). Malcolm Donald (left tackle). P. M. Jaffray (centre). W. A. M. Burden (right guard). P. D. Haughton (right tackle). F. L. Burnett (sub-centre). F. D. Cochran (left end).

J. W. Farley (sub-end). J. W. Hallowell (right end). W. T. Reid, Jr. (full-back). B. H. Dibblee (captain and left half-back). L. Warren (right half-back). C. D. Daly (quarter-back).

THE VICTORIOUS HARVARD ELEVEN OF 1898.

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ager, it seems, protested in vain. St. Mary's protested Walker, also in vain.

The faculties settle disputes, but if there is no dispute, or rumored irregularity, because of student connivance or faculty complaisance, there naturally is no faculty intervention. Take the case, for example, of Hamill, a fair and skilful player, who was only nominally a student. He has played on Kansas 'varsity teams in '92, '93, '95, '96, and '98; yet the presidents' agreement, in force elsewhere in the Middle West, obtains also at the State universities. It contains, I believe, the four-year rule. No other college objected to Hamill, and in this light it must indeed have been a fearless exponent of honest sport at Kansas to have protested her favorite player in his announced last season, when not even a murmur of disapproval was heard coming from the other universities.

Another non-student was Tipton, who left college as soon as he failed to make the team—it was brazenly announced he did so for "financial reasons." But people evidently were not expected to connect his going with his failure to make the team, because his departure was published as a loss to Kansas of a much-needed substitute. Tipton, a native of Kansas City, is a big, well-formed fellow of 210 pounds, with a little experience, and is just the physical specimen to attract the eye of the football-recruiter. He entered Kansas this autumn, played from the first day on the 'varsity, and, like Hamill, "took" music or painting, or some course equally as æsthetic and unrestraining.

Surely it was an unkind fate that deprived the artistic world of an aspirant so promising, and a relentless one—that drove him into the throes of financial embarrassment simultaneously with his failure to secure tackle position on the Kansas eleven. He played as Hamill's substitute against Nebraska—the first game to reveal his rejection for the 'varsity—left Lawrence that night, and never returned to the diversions of (Kansas) university life.

One would have scarcely expected a nature so sensitive in a frame so bulky.

Nebraska is stanch in its opposition to professionalism. And that it practises what it preaches was proven by the faculty taking some of the best men out of the game for not living up to the prescribed scholarship standard. Cowgill, the veteran quarter, was taken off early in the season, and several weeks later the faculty also barred Elliott, his clever successor, who played in the Kansas-Nebraska game, so that Nebraska had to rely on Drain, a very mediocre quarter, the rest of the season. From this evidence, and other information in my possession, I believe no one played for Nebraska in '98 against whom objections could be raised on ethical grounds. This was especially commendable, since none of these men was protested by other colleges.

I can see no great uplift, in either play, ethics, or interest, in Missouri Valley football. In '95, when Bliss coached Missouri, and Hector Cowan, Kansas, 8000 persons saw the Thanksgiving match; in '96, 4000; in '97, 3000; and in '98, 2000. This is undoubtedly due, in some measure, to Missouri's weakness since '95, the scores being—'96, 0–30; '97, 0–16; and '98, 0–12—though it is true the Kansas-Nebraska contest drew the largest crowd (2000 to 2400) that ever assembled at a football match on the college grounds at Lawrence. But I believe the decided falling off in popular interest is really the direct result of the indifference to unwholesomeness the faculties have shown, and the consequent quasi-professionalism, dissension, slugging, and other objectionable features. The class of spectators naturally attracted to college contests has become disgusted, lost interest, and withdrawn its support. That appears to be the reasonable explanation, for elsewhere under similar conditions the results are the same, while everywhere spectators increase in number and interest so long as the sport is healthful and honest.

Ineligible players are in the game throughout the Missouri Valley section merely by sufferance. Not a complaint on ethical grounds was made this year against any player by another university—except in the St. Mary's game, and that was, to an extent, a minor matter, since Kansas would not have tried to put in Walker or any other graduate in a match of any consequence, not even in one for which the agreement is so elastic as that for a Kansas-Medic game. So long as no other university protests, it seems that each Missouri Valley college faculty, if not actually ignorant of the status of its players, at least considers its duty done in holding its peace.

A tacit understanding appears to exist that each university work diligently along its own lines to strengthen its team, and not attempt to discover infraction of rules or ethics on the part of its opponents. And so long as no other college protests, each faculty tacitly encourages the professional spirit by making no effort to correct the abuses known to exist.

A vastly different situation obtains in the South, where university faculties do not consider their duty done in passively viewing athletic ills until public scandal drives them to activity.

The Southern Inter-collegiate Athletic Association is composed of University of the South; Vanderbilt, Cumberland, Nashville, Tennessee, Central, Georgia, Mercer, Furman, Southwestern Presbyterian, Tulane, Louisiana, Texas, and Alabama universities; Georgia School of Technology; Clemson College; Alabama Polytechnic Institute; and Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical College. The faculties of the institutions are honestly working for the purity of Southern college sport, and their accomplishments to that end are most gratifying. The Association is just closing the fourth year of its existence, with materially increased membership and in greater strength than it has ever enjoyed.

The condition of sport in these institutions is indeed excellent. The undergraduate sentiment is wholesome; rarely is there evidence of even a suggestion of professional spirit. There was only one athlete protested this autumn, and his misdemeanor was violation of the rule prohibiting students playing on athletic-club teams unless the club is a member of the Amateur Athletic Union, and approved by the Southern Inter-collegiate Association. The charge was made owing to misunderstanding, and subsequently withdrawn.

The constitution of this Association is undeniably rigid; the laws are enforced to the fullest, and in most cases firmly upheld by the faculties.

In some respects the new football rules of the Southern Association depart from those used by the Northern and Western colleges—for instance, the scoring differs. A touch-down yields 4 points; "goal obtained by touch-down, 5"; goal from field-kick, 4; goal from place-kick, 3; "safety by opponents, 2." Then, too, seven men are required to be on the line. The rules appeared to work well this autumn, but it seems a mistake to make any alterations in football rules that will shape sectional play differently from that found at the larger Eastern universities, which must be accepted as the standard and as setting the pace of development.

Football was seriously hampered this autumn in the South by yellow fever, Tulane, Mississippi, and Louisiana having no teams on that account. Alabama had no team, and, in fact, has played no inter-collegiate games of football for several years, because of prohibition by the trustees. The University of Tennessee had no team, on account of lack of interest or of material, or of both, and so also Cumberland and Southwestern Presbyterian University. Consequently much difficulty was experienced in filling schedules.

Vanderbilt had the weakest eleven in many years, due to graduation of nearly all the old players and necessary dependence on green material. The strong team of last season, which was not scored against (besides playing Virginia to a standstill in a 0–0 game), was succeeded this year by one that had great difficulty in saving itself from overwhelming defeat. Seven men on this year's eleven never before played in a 'varsity game, though the material steadily improved as the season advanced; therefore much is expected of next year's development.

Vanderbilt was defeated on Thanksgiving day by the University of the South for the first time in six years. The latter's team was composed of fine material in first-class shape, and was decidedly the best the University of the South (Sewanee) has ever put forth. Vanderbilt played six games, winning but one—5–0, from Nashville; she lost to Cincinnati (0–10), Georgia (0–4), Virginia (0–15), Central (0–10), and Sewanee (4–19).

Sewanee played four games during the season, winning them all handily, one each from University of Nashville (10–0), Southern Athletic Club of New Orleans (23–0), University of Texas (4–0), and Vanderbilt (19–4).

Georgia played five games—against Mercer, Georgia School of Technology, Vanderbilt, North Carolina, and Alabama Polytechnic Institute of Auburn. She won from the first three and lost to the last two. Winning from Vanderbilt appeared to give Georgia over-confidence, not realizing how weak Vanderbilt was, and she was, in consequence, perhaps, surprised and overwhelmed by North Carolina, who defeated her 44–0. It was evident that Georgia had not equalled last year's standard, and subsequently, in a game with the Alabama Polytechnic Institute on Thanksgiving day, the team exhibited babyishness in addition to mediocre play. The score of the game at the time it came to a sudden and premature end was really A. P. I., 18, to Georgia, 17, when Georgia took exception to the decision of an official and left the field. As a penalty for such puerility the Southern football rules provide that her score be reduced to 0.

Auburn A. P. I. played but two games—one lost to North Carolina, 24–0, and one won from Georgia, 18–0.

Sewanee was unfortunate in not being able to secure more contests—from no lack of effort on Sewanee's part, however, whose manager endeavored, unsuccessfully, to make dates with North Carolina, Virginia, and Georgia, while games arranged with Washington and Lee, Central of Kentucky, Tulane, and Baton Rouge were cancelled by those institutions.

Comparative scores are an unsatisfactory basis for deciding upon the relative merits of teams, but some idea of Sewanee's strength is conveyed by the respective showings made by Georgia and Sewanee against Vanderbilt. Sewanee has had three especially good men in Captain Smith at right tackle, Simkins at full-back, and Waitis at left end. Smith played cleverly throughout the season, his punting being especially praiseworthy.

Sewanee undoubtedly had the strongest team in the Southern Association, and, judging by the form shown against Vanderbilt, the second actually strongest eleven in the South; but as both North Carolina and Virginia ignore the ethics of college sport and resort to illegitimate means to strengthen their elevens, Sewanee must be declared the strongest amateur college team of the South.

Both Virginia and North Carolina universities, in practice and spirit, are utterly impure in their athletic morals. They are the outlaws of Southern college sport. Time and again they have been urged to join the Southern Inter-collegiate Athletic Association, and as repeatedly the invitation has been declined. They profess purity, and their protestations simply add to their offence, for the subordination of all regard for wholesome sport to their athletic needs continues flagrant and base. One favorite method of these unsportsmanly colleges is to spring something crooked just before the game, even on the playing field, and trust in bulldozing to silence the protests of the opponents. They have no hesitation in keeping spectators waiting during an hour of wrangling, therefore a self-respecting and sportsmanly opponent often yields out of mere consideration for the public.

The past season was no exception in exhibiting the athletic venality of these two universities. North Carolina played Koehler, who will be recalled as a member of that noisome Orange Athletic Club (New Jersey) which polluted Northern club sport up to the very day it dissolved in bankruptcy and disgrace. Koehler matriculated at Carolina in time for the football season.

Virginia played Summersgill, the ex-Brown pitcher and ex-member of the Elizabeth Athletic Club—not only played him last year, but has made him captain for '99. This seems to harmonize with Virginia's previous policy. The '98 captain, Collier, has been a Southern rounder in baseball and football for ten years. He was first at Tennessee, then at North Carolina, then a teacher at St. Alban's School, Radford, Virginia (which makes sure the teachers employed are good athletes, so they may play on this prep. school's teams), and finally seems to have wound up his career at Virginia, where he has been for years.

Virginia also attempted last season to play against North Carolina a man named Martin, who had matriculated only the day before the game—and North Carolina protested!

It is surprising Virginia and North Carolina should remain signally sordid in these days when wholesomeness in sport is the rule and impurity the exception. But even more surprising is the continued indifference the other Southern colleges exhibit by arranging games with the outlaws.

It is not only surprising in the Southern Inter-collegiate Athletic Association; it is decidedly weak and harmful.

In western Pennsylvania, where but little is understood of the ethics of college sport, and that little so frequently misdirected, there are two institutions—Washington and Jefferson and Allegheny colleges—that appear to be making, and with some slight measure of success, at least an effort to attain purer athletic life.

The main obstacle to wholesomeness in this section has been startling and widespread ethical ignorance evinced not only by college-town citizens, but by students, and even in many cases by faculty members. The end and all of college sport seems to have been considered attained in winning teams. To win appears to have been the chief concern—the method of slight consequence.

Thus we have seen boys kept on the school roll, nominally students, so their athletic prowess might be utilized; athletic-club teams that paid their players cash, and yet passed them off as amateurs—and were accepted as such by the townspeople! It is the citizens—among whom are reckoned the alumni—that stand in more need of reform than the boys of the schools and young men of the colleges. The booming citizen, the enthusiastic alumnus—with their aggressive loyalty and ever-ready money—have done their utmost to wreck the athletic morals of the colleges within the zone of their influence.

But the friends of amateur sport have been persistent and alert, and a lessening of the evils is apparent.

This year at Allegheny, after two years of hard struggling against professionalism, every player on the baseball and football teams was at least a *bona fide* student, taking full work, and attaining a general average of sixty per cent., or over, as the faculty rules require.

There has been some improvement, too, in a healthful direction at Washington and Jefferson, although not so much as there was hope of last year. For instance, the scholarship qualification has not been enforced, not even so much as it was last year, and therefore the ethical standing of the eleven was lower in '98 than it was in '97.

The football team at the beginning of the season was in a highly demoralized condition, due largely to the fact that four members of last year's team who would have been members of this year's, and four prospective members, were then and are now in the ranks of the Tenth Pennsylvania Volunteers at Manila. The consequent weakening of the team behind the line led the Athletic Committee to be more lenient towards class-room shortcomings.

Further leniency—weaker leniency, I may add—permitted the team to follow its former custom of playing post-graduates, two of whom, that had coached, were played in the games against the Pittsburg Athletic Club and the Duquesne Athletic Club.

Quite the healthiest sign I see is the lack of interest, as compared with that of past years, felt in these games with athletic clubs, and the greater interest shown in contests with college teams.

The custom of playing the Pittsburg athletic clubs grew out of what was considered as a practical necessity. Washington and Jefferson was the first college in western Pennsylvania to take up Rugby football. The game was then neither understood nor appreciated by the local public, and in order to obtain enough revenue to pay the legitimate expenses of such college matches as could be had, the gate receipts of these games appeared a bare necessity. But permission has been constantly refused to accept games with the many athletic clubs that have been anxious to arrange them. The very satisfactory attendance upon the game with Western Reserve College at Cleveland, and with Pennsylvania State College on the home grounds, suggests future possibilities which, together with the little difficulty Washington and Jefferson experienced in defeating Lafayette, 16–0, the defeat of Reserve, 8–6, the close game with Pennsylvania State, 6–11, as well as holding down Duquesne to a score of 11, lead us to hope that next year a schedule of games will be arranged with college teams, to the absolute abandonment of professional club elevens.

There is no surer way of creating the local interest needed for the support of the college eleven. And at all events, it is fairly certain that athletic-club teams will not be played another year.

The majority of the games Washington and Jefferson played this season were with teams too greatly inferior to make the contests of interest, as the aggregate score of 174 to 28 indicates. In addition to which, 72 points were made against the Allegheny College eleven in less than thirty minutes of play, the game being interrupted almost as soon as the second half began, to enable the latter team to make a train. They were completely overmatched, neither knowing the game nor possessing individual strength.

It is due to the Washington and Jefferson team and to the College Association to say that in collegiate games the personnel of the team was kept strictly undergraduate.

Despite objectionable features of the year, there has been much hard and conscientious work in the right direction, and we shall look, and with some confidence, for a material advance in the theory and practice of sport for its own sake next year.

Chicago's interpretation of ethics discussed next week.

Caspar Whitney.

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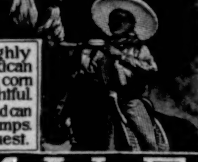

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